

WIRE

THE JAZZ AND NEW MUSIC MAGAZINE ISSUE 28 JUNE 1986 £1.20/\$3.50



ART PEPPER

TERENCE BLANCHARD
TEST DEPT
NEW YORK NOW!

NEW RELEASES FROM THE BLUE NOTE CATALOGUE



DEXTER GORDON •
OUR MAN IN PARIS •
BST 84116



KENNY BURRELL •
AT THE FIVE SPOT CAFE •
BST 84121



LARRY YOUNG •
UNITY •
BST 84121



KENNY DORHAM •
ROUND MIDNIGHT AT THE CAFE BOHEMIA •
BST 81524



LEE MORGAN •
THE ALL STARS •
BST 84199



THE BEST OF BLUE NOTE • VOL. 2
BST 84403



SONNY ROLLINS •
A NIGHT AT THE VILLAGE VANGUARD •
BST 81581



McCoy TYNER •
TIME FOR TWO •
BST 84307



HERBIE HANCOCK •
TAKIN' OFF •
BST 84138



THE JAZZ MESSENGERS •
AT THE HALF NOTE CAFE • VOL. 2
BST 81565



THE HORACE SILVER QUINTET •
FINGER POPPIN' •
BST 84038



JACKIE McLEAN •
LET FREEDOM RING •
BST 84106



DONALD BYRD •
AT THE HALF NOTE CAFE • VOL. 1
BST 84038

THE FINEST IN JAZZ SINCE 1939

BLUE NOTE

WIRE MAGAZINE

ANTHONY WOOD
Founder

A MEMBER OF
THE NAMARA GROUP
WORLD HEADQUARTERS

Units G & H
115 Cleveland Street
London W1P 5PN, England
Telephone 01-580 7522

RICHARD COOK
Editor

JOANNE HARRIS
Advertising & Promotion

PAUL ELLMAN
Design

JAYNE HOUGHTON
News & Photo Editor

CHRIS PARSONS,
LORRAINE BOWEN
Subscriptions & Administration

JAN DIAKOW
Accounts

CHRIS PARKER
Publisher

TYPESETTING

M C. Typeset, Chatham

PRINTING

Kingsdale Press, Reading

WIRE is distributed in the UK by
NS Distribution, 14-16 Farringdon
Lane, London EC1 3AU

CONTRIBUTORS

Brian Case Nick Coleman
Tim Colwell John Fordham
Charles Fox Andy Hamilton
Max Harrison David Ilic
Nick Kimberley Biba Kopf
Steve Lake Steve Lewis
Graham Lock Kenny Mathieson
Brian Motton Mark Sinker
Sue Steward David Toop
Mike Zwetini

U S A

John Litweiler Peter Pullman
Cynthia Rose

PHOTOGRAPHY

Peter Anderson Chris Clunn
Anton Corbijn David Corio
Jak Kalby Derek Radgers
Nick White Val Wilmer

The views expressed in WIRE are those of the
respective contributors and are not necessarily
shared by the magazine or its distinguished staff.
WIRE assumes no responsibility for unsolicited
manuscripts, photographs and illustrations. Send
at your own risk. Copyright here and abroad is
held by the publisher or by freelance
contributors. Unauthorised reproduction of any
item is strictly out of order.

"I can definitely say that music won't stop. It
will continue to go forward." CHARLIE
PARKER, 1953.



*...but not everything
can be done by one person.*

JOSEPH BATES 'TITUS'IPHIGENIE
HAPPENING, THEATER EXPERIMENTO
FRANKFURT 1960

WIRE MAGAZINE JUNE 1986 ISSUE 28

NOW'S THE TIME Our experts round up all the news and gossip	4
MELLEWIS Mike Zwetini drums up some questions	11
LIVEWIRE From Blood to Burundi	12
NEW YORK EAR AND EYE Peter Pullman in NYC	16
CLIVE BELL & PETER CUSACK Mark Sinker says cheep	18
RECOLLECTIONS OF THE FUTURE Serious stuff with Max Harrison	19
TERENCE BLANCHARD Richard Cook meets the top brass	20
BOOKS Noise at Ronnie's	22
SWEET HONEY IN THE ROCK Nick Kimberley gives us an amen	25
ART PEPPER In speech and on record	26
SOUNDCHECK Ornette/Metheny, Test Dept, New Age Plus	32
JAZZWORD Little boxes by Tim Colwell	48
THE WRITE PLACE You speak - we listen	49
PLAYLIST Turntable favourites	49
NEXT MONTH	50

Cover: ART PEPPER Courtesy Galaxy Records

It's A Gas

THE NORTH SEA JAZZ FESTIVAL (July 11th/12th/13th) plans to be Europe's biggest and most comprehensive jazz event. Artists already pencilled in include Miles Davis, George Benson Band, Herbie Hancock, John Scofield, The Buddy Rich Big Band, Lionel Hampton Big Band, John Mayall & The Blues Breakers, Otis Rush, Dick Hyman Orchestra, Wynston Marsalis, Wayne Shorter and many more. Anyone wishing to travel to the festival, which is in Holland, should contact M.G.P., the organisers, on (0273) 204101 for details of coach trips and cost.



Wynston

Hazjazz '86

A MARATHON TWO-DAY EVENT spanning the weekend of 14-15 June is to be held in the Hazlett Theatre, Maudstone. 24 hours of live music from an all-British cast, and as an added attraction for those who want jazz all the way, there are pre-festival events, catering for a variety of tastes, in the town on the Friday evening. Among the Saturday performers are George Melly and John Chilton's Feetwarmers, Kent Youth Jazz Orchestra, Neville Dickie, Digby Furze, and Maxine Daniels. Sunday's artists include Ian Ballamy, Nigel Kennedy, John Burch, Michael Garrick, Pete King, Don Rendell and Stan Tracey. Topping Sunday's events are George Farnie and The Blue Flames.

Tickets are £6.50 and details of purchasing them can be obtained from Maudstone Jazz Centre, on (011) 211 8554.

Back To Bracknell

AFTER AN ENFORCED EXILE TO Rendley Manor in '85, Britain's premier jazz festival is back for its 12th year to South Hill Park Art Centre, Bracknell. The final running order has yet to be confirmed but acts include Don Cherry, Ed Blackwell, Carlos Ward and Nana Vasconcelos; top US trumpeter Randy Brecker; Jamaaladeen Tacuma, John Dankworth with NYJO; Loose Tubes, Courtney Pine & The Jazz Warriors; Charlie Watts and his 31-piece band... and a host of other nobles yet to be confirmed. The date, as usual, is the first weekend of July (4th, 5th and 6th). Further details and booking enquiries can be obtained from Manor Jazz Festivals, (01) 240 8640.

Sky's The Limit

SINCE THE DEATH OF WYVR-FM in 1980, America has not been able to hear a full spectrum of contemporary jazz - until now. Skyline Jazz is a cable FM station playing all the best in jazz, new artists and reviews. Because Skyline Jazz is not a radio station, there are no rules or requirements that S.J. must adhere to, so there are no major deterrents to the uninhibited programming of progressive jazz. The response to Skyline Jazz has been very enthusiastic, and jazz musicians drop by for interviews, grateful that their music can now receive greater exposure.

Tilbrook Develops The North

FORMER BACK DOOR AND current Full Circle drummer Adrian Tilbrook has been appointed to the new post of Jazz Development Officer serving the Northern Arts and Yorkshire Arts regions. The new position replaces part of the work done by the former Jazzcentre North organisation. Adrian is based in Darlington Arts Centre, with the task of promoting and coordinating jazz activities throughout the two regional arts associations. He can be contacted through the Arts Centre at 0325 483271.

Make It Musical

THE 2ND CRAFTS COUNCIL Open Exhibition of Musical Instruments will be held from June 4th-August 31st at The Crafts Council Gallery, in Waterloo Place, London. The exhibition is a result of a competition to design and make a musical instrument and the exhibits include early wind instruments, string and keyboard instruments such as harpsichords, flutes, lutes and guitars, and a section on folk instruments. Many of the instruments follow traditional designs, but there will also be newly-designed pieces such as sound sculptures and instruments made from found objects.

There is an entry charge of £2. Concessions £1.

Brazilian Blend

FOR THE FIRST TIME, THE explosive combination of singer Flora Plurim and percussionist Aíro Moreira bring their unique blend of Brazilian street music, rhythm and jazz to London's Hammersmith Palais on Monday, June 9th. Flora has worked with the likes of Stan Getz, Chack Corea and Gil Evans, while Aíro has set the beat for Miles Davis, Art Blakey, Lee Morgan and Weather Report. The pair have a new album to coincide with the visit: entitled *Humble People*, it's on Concord Records.

Support act is the local band Sambuca. Tickets are £6 advance, from the usual channels and £7 on the door.

Check Come and her teeth



Jazz Courses

(30 May-1 June) Jazz soloing and band ensemble playing at Theobalds Residential College, Bulls Cross Ride, Waltham Cross. Cost £36-£54 Tutor: John Brown, Leeds College of Music. Details (0992) 37255.

Battersea Branching Out

BATTERSEA ARTS CENTRE, DUE to the excellent attendance of their Sunday lunchtime Jazz sessions, are branching out with a resident band who will play every Thursday evening. Metropolis B.A.C. are the band, whose repertoire covers a broad spectrum of jazz, from mainstream to modern, rock and funk to a European style. Battersea Art Centre is hoping to be put on the jazz venue map and expect to increase their loyal Sunday lunchtime jazz following and encourage new jazzers to attend the centre.

Mankind Romp

MUSIC ENTREPRENEUR Dominique, the responsible for salsa, African and all that jazz at the Bass Clef, is presenting a jazz soul romp, the venue being upstairs at Hackney's Club Mankind, Amburst Rd E8. Tickets are £4.50. Live onstage will be Moonraker, plus an East End latin-soul eleven piece Back To Base. DJs for the night will be Mark Webster, and a special guest DJ is yet to be announced. The club opens at 10.30pm and runs through to 4am. Date is Sat 14th June. More info from Club Mankind on 986 3378.

Swinging Jazz Jubilee

THE MONTREUX JAZZ FESTIVAL this year celebrates its 20th anniversary with an all star jubilee line-up. Already confirmed artists include Eric Clapton, Albert King, Pat Metheny, Wynston Marsalis, Al Jarreau, Spyro Gyra and George Benson. There will also be an exclusive appearance of France's "Orchestre National de Lille" with several jazz soloists. The festival runs from 3rd-19th June.

Lee Konitz Tour

ALTO SAX PLAYER LEE KONITZ is visiting Britain for a series of dates in June. The Lee Konitz/John Taylor duo play Amblin, Bristol on June 3rd, and Guildhall, Bath on June 4th. The Lee Konitz Quartet then play a string of dates, which are: (5th) University Arms, Cambridge; (6th) Art Centre, Colchester; (8th) St Pauls, Oxford; (9th) Spring St Theatre, Hull; (10th) Braunstone, Leicester; (11th) Corner House, Newcastle; (12th) Hippo, Nottingham; (13th) Arts Centre, Southampton; (14th) Dovecot, Stockton; (16th) St David's Hall, Cardiff; (18th) Concorde Club, Southampton; (19th) Art Centre, Exeter.

Mersey Beats!

LIVERPOOL IS PLAYING HOST to a festival on June 6th, 7th and 8th. The programme represents a cross section of popular styles, with four stages housing jazz, country, rock and variety. The line-up is as follows:-

Fr 6th: Aptos, New Orleans Express, Panama Jazz Band, On-Bop-Shbam, Norman Beaker's Blues Band and others to be added.

There will be an evening performance with the Big Band Jazz Show - starring Pete King, Dick Morrissey and guests.

Sat 7th: Wigan Youth Jazz Orchestra, Birdsmen and J Dvorak, Merseyside Jazz Band, Vicore Brox Blues Band, Savoy Jazz Men and Stan Tracey Sextet.

Sun 8th: John Harper Quintet, 5al Penny Jazz Band, Tommy Chase Quartet, New Orleans Jazz Band, Blue Magnolia Jazz Band, Danny Moss and Jeanette Lamb with the John Dunbavand Trio.

Last Exit: First Gigs

London's Shaw Theatre is hosting the debut British gigs by Last Exit, the explosive post-avant garde quartet, on 29 and 30 May. The group features Peter Brottmann on saxes, Sonny Sharrock on guitar, Bill Laswell on bass and Ronald Shannon Jackson on drums. The box office can be reached on 01-388 1394.



George Melly

Festivals '86

NOTTINGHAM FRINGE FESTIVAL (May 25th-June 8th) featuring John Barnes, Echo City, Ray Crane, Savoy Scrollers and local groups. Details (0602) 582632.

GREENWICH FESTIVAL (May 30th-June 15th) Adelaide Hall, Humphrey Lyttelton, Loose Tubes, Jacques Loussier. Details (01) 517868.

MUCH WENLOCK FESTIVAL, SHROPSHIRE (June 6th-14th) Roy Sainsbury & friends. Details (0592) 883936.

MAIDSTONE JAZZ FESTIVAL (June 14th-15th) Nigel Kennedy, Georgie Fame, Iain Balmain, Michael Garrick, Digby Fairweather, George Melly. Details (0622) 58611.

DUNDEE JAZZ FESTIVAL The Rep. Theatre, Dundee, is the venue for the '86 Dundee festival, which runs from June 18th-21st. 18th, Jimmy Deuchar Sextet with Pete King/Chris Pye 19th, George McGowan Orchestra and Fife Youth Jazz Orchestra 20th WASO and John Hubend Quartet. 21st, Memphis Slim & Tam White and The Dexters. Details from (0582) 23530.

HAYFIELD FESTIVAL OF INTERNATIONAL JAZZ (June 20th-22nd) George Melly, Max Collie, Ken Colyer, Cy Laurie, Lillian Boutte, Benny Waters, Pizza Express All Stars, Big Town Playboys, WASO, Shades of Kenton. Details (0633) 45396.

LUDLOW FESTIVAL (June 21st-July 6th) Kenny Baker & Midland Youth Jazz Orchestra. Details (0584) 2150.

FARNHAM MALTINGS JAZZ FESTIVAL (June 29th) Details (0252) 726234.

Mambo Jambo

BRIXTON'S FRIDGE CLUB is continuing with the highly successful Cafe Mambo on Wednesdays. Cafe Mambo's emphasis is on a European style venue, with candlelit tables for intimate chat and an "array" jazz atmosphere. The dance floor throbs to the latest sounds and guest bands perform a 30 minute set each week. On 4th June is the Tommy Chase Quartet. None of the other bands for June is confirmed as yet. Admission is £2.50, 9pm-130am. For details of other June appearances call Phil or Peter at The Fridge, (01) 326 5100.

Stan In Simulcast

A major venture by the BBC int live jazz broadcasting takes place on 5 June, when the Stan Tracey Big Band's set at the Bath Festival will be transmitted live by both Radio 3 and BBC2. The entire evening will be featured on R3 while the TV simulcast will cover a substantial chunk of Stan's set.



Charlie Watts

Jazz Dazzle

THE ALBANY EMPIRE is playing host an all-star concert on 19th. Under the banner 'Jazz Dazzle', the guests are Free Bop, featuring members of the Charlie Watts Big Band, Evan Parker, Annie Whitehead, Courtney Pine, and the Gail Thompson Band. Tickets are £3.50/£2.50. 8pm - late. Enquiries on 01 691 9333 (Albany Empire Box Office).

Get On Down

BIRMINGHAM'S LATEST CLUB, Driffin' At the Soul Station, opens its doors and dance floors every Friday. It started in April and admission is free before 7pm. From 7pm onwards admission is £1. The venue is Yoo Bevs (formerly Beckett's) and is situated at Snow Hall, Queensway, Birmingham. Get along and boogie to the latest hip soul sounds (man) (What? - Ed).

Bootleggers!

THE RECORD AND TAPE industry have recently commissioned a report into home taping and have concluded that £300 million pounds is lost each year in retail sales from home taping. They say 87% of blank tapes sold are used for copying recorded material. Yet despite such piracy, consumer spending on records and tapes rose to £700 million in 1985. On the other hand, tape manufacturers have condemned the possible levy on blank cassettes as illogical and counter-productive. They say that the vast majority of home taping does not damage the interests of copyright owners because it involves copying material on which a copyright fee has already been paid; and that the cost of administering a levy scheme will outweigh any benefit to copyright owners. The ultimate price increase the public will pay on a blank cassette will be 30% more, and not the 10% as cited by the government. Tape manufacturers are urging the government to observe the levy in Germany, which resulted in huge problems with the smuggling of un-levied tapes, undermining the market for the legitimate manufacturers.

Another interesting development on the recording front... It seems that the demise of the compact disc may be imminent. The poor things have not yet got a foothold in the market and already the Japanese are flooding the Eastern market with a new audio tape which offers a quality of sound to match that of the CD. It has the advantage of home recording, a facility the CD doesn't offer. Besides, it'll be a lot cheaper as well.

C L U B D A T E S

BIRMINGHAM Odeon

(9th) Buddy Rich Big Band

BIRMINGHAM Portland Club

(4th) Jazz Band Ball

BIRMINGHAM Midlands Arts Centre

(13th) M&B Jam Session

BIRMINGHAM Waterworks Jazz Club

(7th) Sheila Collier & Smokey

City Jazz Band

(14th) Avon Cities Jazz Band

(21st) WASO

(28th) Zenith Hot Stompers

BIRMINGHAM Triangle Arts Centre

(8th) Bobby Wellins/Jim

Mullen

(22nd) Clark Tracey Quintet &

Stan Tracey

BIRMINGHAM Packwood House

(21st) Dene River Jazz Band

BIRMINGHAM Barton Arms

(6th) Icarus

(13th) Morrissey Mullen

(20th) Don Weller

(27th) Pete King

BURTON ON TRENT Central Club

(26th) Tommy Burton's

Sporting House Quartet

COVENTRY Bulls Head

(20th) Art Themen & Don

Weller

DERBY Browns

(1st) Jim Mullen/Bobby

Wellins

DUDLEY Bull & Bladder Jazz Club

Every Monday

LEICESTER The Beaumont

(10th) Lee Konitz Quartet

LEICESTER The Cooler

(7th) Evan Parker/Derek

Bailey

LEICESTER Phoenix Art Centre

(1st) Bob Kelly's Piano Party

(8th) Geoff Overen's Blues

Band

(15th) Russ Merryfield's Jazz

Band

(22nd) Tiger John Blues Band

(29th) Summer Party

LICHFIELD Kings Head

(7th) Martinique Jazz Band

(14th) Zenith Hot Stompers

(21st) Blue Mangolia Jazz

Orchestra

(28th) Frog Island Jazz Band

LUDLOW Parish Church

(27th) Midland Youth Jazz

Orchestra

MILTON KEYNES The Stables

(6th) Michael Garrick Big

Band

(13th) Jazz For Flute

(20th) Best of British Jazz

(27th) Cayenne

MUCH WENLOCK Talbot Inn

(11th) Roy Sainsbury & Friends

(12th) 1940's night

NORTHAMPTON Derrigate Jazz Club

(1st) Zenith Hot Stompers

(29th) June Melba Ray & Bruce

Turner

NOTTINGHAM Old Vic Tavern

(4th) Don Weller/Jim Mullen

Quintet

(6th) Becky & The Backroom

Boys

(7th) Ray Crane

(18th) Pinski Zoo

NOTTINGHAM Bali Hai

(11th) Azania & Chris

McGregor

NOTTINGHAM

Hippo Club

(12th) Lee Konitz Trio

(19th) Ronnie Scott Quintet

(26th) Courtney Pine Quintet

NOTTINGHAM The Manor

(5th) Crane River Jazz Band

SHEFFIELD The Leadmill

(4th) 29th Street Sax Quartet

SHREWSBURY Old Bowling Club

(Tuesdays) Severnside Jazz Band

STAFFORD

(28th) Humphrey Lyttelton

Band & Martinique

Band

STRATFORD UPON AVON Royal

Shakespeare Theatre

(13th) Cleo Laine & John

Dankworth

STRATFORD UPON AVON Civic

Hall

(15th) Solihull Youth Jazz

Orchestra

(16th) George Melly & John

Chilton's Feetwarmers

(21st) Jazz Pianos & Mike

Meddings

STRATFORD UPON AVON Swan

Theatre

(27th) Stephane Grappelli

WALSALL West Midlands College

(14th) Walsall Youth Jazz

Orchestra

WARWICK Globe Hotel

(9th) The Z Band

(10th) Fred Baker Group

(11th) Martinique Jazz Band

WORCESTER Swan Theatre

(20th) George Melly

YORK Art Centre

(10th) Montreux

(12th) Don Weller & Chris

Bolton Trio

LEEDS Trades Club

(7th) Bobby Wellins/Jim

Mullen Quintet

LEEDS Coconut Grove

(4th) Felix/Rodgers/Davis/

McFarlane

(11th) Lynn Walker & The

O.A. Crew

(18th) Richard Isles/Jes Hall

Quintet

(25th) Trevor Owen Quartet

MANCHESTER Band on the Wall

(2nd) Latin Percussion

Workshop

(5th) 29th Street Sax Quartet

(11th) Montreux

(12th) Full Circle

(16th) Chris Williams Jazz

Workshop

(19th) Don Weller Quartet

(26th) Jim Mullen's Meantime

CAMBRIDGE Man on the Moon

(6th) Terry Smith Blues Band

(13th) Tim Whitehead

(20th) Frank Evans Trio

(27th) Russ Henderson Trio

CAMBRIDGE University Arms

Hotel

(5th) Lee Konitz

PETERBOROUGH Jazz Club

(1st) Cambridge City Jazz

Band

BRENTWOOD Hermit Club

(1st) Jazz Mothers & Essex

Dance

(8th) Phil Miller's In Cahoots

(29th) Ronnie Scott Quintet

CHELMSFORD Jazz Club

(8th) Pete Allen Jazz Band

COLCHESTER Jazz Club

(8th) Pete Allen Jazz Band

HARLOW The Square

(1st) All day jazz festival

(8th) Denis Field & JP's Dixie

Five

(15th) Al Casey

(29th) JP's Swing Band

GRAYS, ESSEX Thameside Theatre

(22nd) Graeme Culham Big

Band

BERKHAMSTAD Jazz Club

(14th) Nigel Kennedy/Michael

Garrick Quintet

WATFORD Pump House

(5th) Les Handscombe &

West End Stompers

(12th) Frog Island Jazzband

(19th) Munday Big Band

(26th) Ken Sims Dixie Kings

HULL Sprang Street Theatre

(2nd) Wellins/Mullen

(9th) Lee Konitz

HULL Paper Club

(11th) Weller Spring Quartet

L O N D O N

LONDON 100 Club, Oxford St

(1st) Julian Bahula's Africa

Night

(4th) District Six

(7th) Slim Gaillard & his Band

(8th) Little John's Jazzers

(11th) Ken Colyer's All Star

Jazzmen

(18th) WASO

(25th) White Heat Big Band

LONDON London Musicians

Collective

(20th) George Haslam and Paul

Shearsmith

LONDON South Hill Park Art

Centre

(3rd) John Surman & Karin

Krog

LONDON Bass Clef

(1st) Molombo Jazz

(3rd) Team Ten

(4th) Errol Clark/Kevin

Flannigan Quartet

(5th) Star People & Joe

Cosentino Band

(6th) No Way José & Bolivar

(7th) Mulombo Jazz

(8th) Andy Macintosh's

Lipslide

(10th) Lovely Money

(11th) Jazz Train

(12th) Clark Tracey Quintet &

Esmond Selwyn Trio

(13th) Apitos

(14th) Zulu

(15th) Paul Carmichael's Flight

To LA

(17th) Marie Murphy & 4 On 4

(18th) Don Weller Quartet

(20th) Amazonian

(21st) Ashiko & Shikisha

(22nd) Jim Mullen's Meantime

26th Dave Cluff & Pat

Crumley Quintet

(28th) District Six

(29th) Dick Morrissey



Groovin' For Peace

WIRE WENT OUT THE OTHER week with CND at their East End warehouse party. So did lots of others, including Michael Foot, Neil and Glynis Kinnock, Bruce Kent, Katharine Hammett, Jasper Carrott and a host of others. We spotted Paul (Frankie Goes to Hollywood) Rutherford and Patsy (Absolute non-starter at acting-) Kensit; and The Gail Thompson Sextet got the masses swinging with hot jazz sounds. Members of The Guest Stars appeared with Thompson, along with other jazz faces who, by this time, we were far too paralytic to name. But a

terly, time, for a cause, was had by all.

JAYNE HOUGHTON



IN A LATIN GROOVE

B y S a n d i c a a n d

WHATEVER YOU MAY THINK OF THE COMMONWEALTH

Institute's symbolic significance as the centre-piece for an artificially linked set of countries, it's indisputable that as promoters of music and dance and festivals, they know how to programme. This is the fourth Summer Music Village, devoted in 1986 (like the year itself) to the Caribbean. More news on the Village's inhabitants next month. Pre-empting the Village, *Arma* (BBC TV) points its cameras into the same region for a week of "Caribbean Nights". Predictably, greatest coverage goes to Jamaica, including a half-hour documentary on Bob Marley. *Arma* deserve credit for including the often-overlooked Spanish-speaking Caribbean: a half-hour live concert from Cuba's trumpeter Arturo Sandoval, whose diverse skills won him hearts in Ronnie Scott's Cuban festival last year, and a half-hour, mixed Latin section during the five-hour marathon on Saturday 14 June. Ruben Blades will hopefully introduce that slot, which will include live footage from (at least) Celia Cruz, Johnny Ventura, Cheo Feliciano and himself.

As I write, the posters are going up for Blades' long-awaited visit to London's (1st and 2nd June) Academy, Brixton, (joined by his six-piece *Seis De Solar*. Support is provided, of course, by London's only salsa band, *Sonido De Londres*. The latter's presence on the London gig circuit has noticeably diminished this year (saturation is no good thing) due to expansion of the horns section, a mini-tour of Scotland, and the writing of new material for an album. Leader Stan Rivera reckons it's time to lay off the 'versions' and record songs of their own, now matured 'London salsa'. Look forward to it.

The week after the hamstrings recover from Ruben Blades, there is the first visit from Brazilians *Flora Purim* and *Airtio* (9th June), and a week later, at the sedate, polished end of Brazilian-fusion, *Egberto Gismonti* comes to town (16th).

Latin-English bands are a contraction and, not surprisingly, few and usually feeble. A new Brazilian outfit, *Sambucada* get the thumbs up from *Edna Crepaldi* and the *Gafieira* crew, and on their suggestion are supporting *Purim/Airtio*. I've heard good things from the Bass Clef's energetic promoter and sometime DJ Dominique about a Manchester ten-piece, *Apitos*, who specialise in a variety of Afro-Cuban and Brazilian styles, leaning heavy on the percussion side (see them at Bass Clef, 13th June); and also about local young band (all under 21) *Black To Base*, playing what they call 'conga-soul' – see them at Summer Madness festival at Club Mankind, Hackney, 14th June.

While on the subject of nightbirds, the Scala Cinema has finally outpriced even the most dedicated all-niter promoters, and so the scene moved to the newly refurbished Rio Cinema in Dalston, N16. Paul Murphy's all-nighter in March happened without him, due to a sudden offer of big yens from a Tokyo Clob. Plans to show live video of Murphy in action in Japan were foiled when the Japanese contact got pissed and forgot to deliver the video. Murphy and partner Stuart Lyon plan more events (with The Thin Man in person), while the other Latin-Jazz camp, led by Baz Fe Jazz, are also occupying the Rio for dates in June and July. They plan to show Cuban films – if I manage to bring them back from my trip to Havana.



CLUBLAND JIVE

b y D e s s i e M a o d s

UBIQUITY IS MY THEME FOR THE MERRY MONTH OF JUNE. NOT old Roy Ayers, but Team Ten popping up absolutely bloody everywhere. My daily conference with the faeries at the bottom of the garden has become fraught with anxiety; there is Mouanin' behind the potting shed. Indeed, I dare not visit the lav for fear of what lurks brooding in the manspining of my musical toilet paper dispenser – imagine, one's most private functions sound-tracked by the Theme from *Fireball XL5*! Yet in the proper environment (these metry melodists are no more threatening than Ornette Coleman as they pick through the scrambled debris from jazz's trash-can. Down the Royal Oak by London Bridge at Gilles Peterson's Special Branch – where you dare not breathe for fear of inhaling your neighbour's pint of Holsten – those pandemic pedagogues of party praxis squished themselves onto a postage-stamp stage and shaved the assembled heads with some razor-sharp cut-ups of blues, gospel and yer soul-jazz. We'd have danced more sprightly if this had not meant certain lager-on-the-lung and if the rose red carpet had not been so sticky to our sweat-flecked feet.

And were those not much the same feet that splashed so deeply to the TTs in the slime on the floor of the Jazz Village at the Bognoir Soul Weekend? Indoodleddeed, they were! Many a suspicious eye-contact was revived as the Team reminded us of the Tune to "Jeanine" and Gilles reminded us that samba is not necessarily a scabby fungal growth between the toes.

And down in the meadowed vale of Ladbroke Grove the turpitudinous Ten filled the Round Sound At Bay 63 with their clamour, drawing doe-eyed cattle from the slopes of Portobello Rd and spotty Germans looking for the set of *Absolute Beginners*. But hush, hush whisper who dares, Julien Temple is saying his prayers – no one shall mention those deep runes again, for 'tis rumoured that now 'tis hip ^{alien's} never to have ever heard of this film. Absolute what? It is also hip not to have seen *Courtesy Pine*, which partly explains why there is no more room ^{alien's} for us – we're all guilty of first degree rectangularity (that's not square-Eat) and shall be punished in heaven. Just so long as neither Team Ten nor the Courtney Pine Quartet are the house band, that's fine by me.

THE NEW SOUND OF AFRICA

B y M a r k S a n k e r

THE 12" SINGLE. FORGET JAZZ - MILES ASIDE - AND WONDER where is it? When Africa's Pop is so essentially a basking in full evening's length, and structure folding and folding itself into strange things beyond simple repetition, why is this medium so rare?

The 12" single. In black and angry dayglo yellow, the flyposters round down declare "State Of Emergency" (KMC): Kintone's own intervention is much sharpened by being singular at this length. It stands apart, *serious*. It is not simply part of a career. A single can have righteous weight.

The 12" single. As provisional manifesto, serves notice of intentions without exhausting options. Mr Souzy Kassey punches horns of soca and talking drum into the soukous of his "La Vie Continue" (Safari Ambience): we do not therefore expect tiresome repetition of this enabling device in and out of years and across the centuries.

The 12" single. The new, now, at once uncluttered and disguised. Bopol's "Helena" (Syllart) fast-forwards his soukous into furled hitech blues. We are not forced to read it as the Face of the Future, we are not required to dismiss it as just one more shape thrown for maximum foot-stomp in the clubs round La Chappelle and Clignancourt. For the first, well, that's why he's in Paris at all. For the second, well, there is here present a man from the Antilles... Mr Jacob Desvarieux

The 12" single. Was the innovation, barely remarked, of 80s soul and funk. It changes the game, requirement, manner and manners of production and consumption, this feast on 45. Desvarieux is a man could teach this. With the brothers Decimus he runs the legendary Kassav' of Guadeloupe, a luckier intrusion above Atlantic wet than our own Layby One, I'd say. They pound their way through their slick-and healthy island breakway, "Chwazi" (GD), at 115 BPM, light Cadence of fabulous plastic styling, tangling and tugging all the influence-parentage lines of Afro-American inheritance that confound us so usefully.

The 12" single. Precise iconic focus, through it, on this new and unworled face, Youssou N'Dour presenting himself as "Rubberband Man" (Earthworks/Rough Trade), serious alchemist of Senegalese Soul, turning old gold - The Detroit Spinners - into hammered mbalax. File it, gingerly, between Mantronix and Mapfumo: or, nutrizi, between Test Department and Theloniou Monk. In Wolof, phonetically: *dabulnaw dgeleyayata bulaffarmes*...

ROUND UP THE USUAL SUSPECTS

B y B i b a K o p f

THE CREATIVE PULSE IS ELUSIVE. IT IS NOT CONVENIENTLY BOUND within national grids, nor does it conform to any single discipline. Rather, it courses a nervous system spread across the world which, when prodded or probed, makes the state body hosting a particular manifestation jump. More than any other organ (the venerated *WIRE* excepted) the London-based audio visual magazine *Touch* has traced the pulse back to the oddest sources and often in the most distant places. Their latest production is extraordinarily ambitious, even by their earlier high standards. Called *Touch Ritual*, it features a 90-minute cassette, *Magnetic North*, and a large format full colour and vari-textured catalogue of ideas and lunacy.

Each complements the other and sometimes there's a direct crossover: excellent reproductions of Gilbert and George's stained glass-style tableaux vivants of their East London life dovetail with their peculiar spoken word anglicisms; documentary evidence of the late, sorely missed Joseph Beuys' last exhibition *Flight* is presented in both sound and vision. Just as the cassette jumpers from ordered composition, such as Regular Music, Cabaret Voltaire, The Residents and the warped Glitter stomp of Last Few Days, to the deliciously drawn metal harmonics of Margaret Sambell and the coralled chaos of Einstürzende Neubauten live; from random snippets to ritual chants and Buddhist prayer; so too does the catalogue waylay the reader with a barrage of imagery from a bewildering array of time zones and styles: Daduists Raul Hausmann and John Heartfield skate space with *Face* designer Neville Brody, Ian Wright, Russell Mills and visuals from Trash Museum, Laibach and Test Dept. They're interspersed with seemingly random clusters of quotes and more reasoned texts. There's some excellent reportage (Clive Robson at a Palestinian wedding), penetrating and artful media analyses (Jon Savage on the AIDS scare, Greil Marcus on the proliferation of corpse-in-mouth metaphors in modern culture), manifestos, poems and fictions. As editors, *Touch's* intention is not to arrange their material into logical sequences, but to present it in startling configurations of audio-visual stimuli and perverse provocations (Available via Rough Trade/The Cartel or mail order from *Touch*, PO Box 139, London SW18 2ES. Price £8.95 plus 50p postage.)

BACK FROM THE DEAD. Down Under but not yet out, the Australasian conglomerate SPK are preparing an impressive relaunch after the collapse of their mainstream designs. It begins with a 12" "Invocation" (Side Effects), which atmospherically combines soprano voice, cello and studio treatments, and a compilation *Vibes/Anarchy* featuring themselves alongside Laibach and lesser post-post-industrial lights. Later, when their resources allow it, they'll be releasing an absorbing set of interpretations of the music of Adolph Wulfi, an obsessive Art Brutist committed to a Swiss lunatic asylum for his excessive interest in children, and an LP *Joint Mass* of compositions based on emulated insect noises and the ethnic musics of their country of origin. (Side Effects via Rough Trade/The Cartel.)



M E L L E W I S

20 YEARS IN THE VANGUARD OF DRUMMING.

BY MIKE ZWEBIN.

PERHAPS IT SHOULD BE QUALIFIED BY AN asterisk for Mondays only, and the place can only hold 125 people, but a big band playing 20 straight years in the same club is a genuine record.

The 17-piece Mel Lewis Jazz Orchestra worked eight straight nights in February to celebrate its 20 straight years at the Village Vanguard. "We're probably the best jazz band in the world right now," Lewis said without a trace of modesty or doubt. "We represent the future."

Lewis speaks quietly, but he speaks his piece. He can be opinionated without aggressivity. He takes charge without being bossy. His rare mixture of confidence, sensibility and modesty adds up to one of the best big band drummers and leaders of all time.

Cune Basie once told him: "You were the last big band to start to play uncompromising music which was accepted internationally. Don't quit. If you quit nobody will ever start a big band again. That will be the end of it."

At the time Lewis was co-leader with Thad Jones. They had assembled an organization of frustrated high-quality instrumentalists like Snooky Young, Bob Brookmeyer, Jimmy Knepper, Pepper Adams and the late Joe Farrell who had retreated into recording studios, Broadway pits and underpaid underworked combos when big bands died from an overdose of rock 'n' roll. They talked Vanguard owner Max Gordon into opening the club on Mondays for them. The first night they had to come down through the kitchen because the thick line of customers was up the stairs and around the corner. Gordon did not think it would last. "Let's give it a few weeks," he said.

LEWIS CAME CLOSE TO QUITTING ONLY once, in 1978 when Jones suddenly left to lead the Danish Radio Orchestra. He could not reach Jones, who had given no explanations.

"I still don't know why he left," Lewis says. "I guess he had personal problems and was offered the Danish opportunity and just took it. Now I realise he couldn't discuss it with me because as close as we were I might have talked him out of it. I was more confused than angry. And anyway we're friends again."

Deciding to continue alone, he called a meeting of the lead men. "I don't want this to sound like a drummer's band," he told them, with Buddy Rich's bombast in mind: "but somebody has to make the final decisions so I guess I'm the boss. I'll take care of the business, call the sets, set the tempos. If somebody has to be fired, I'll take care of that. I'll do the dirty work. But each of you guys will run your section like you want. I'll keep my mouth shut in the back until you tell me something's wrong. I don't want any cliques, I don't want any drug scene, I don't want any cloud

wood. The band will always be integrated but I don't want a quota system. If everybody carries their own weight, this band doesn't need a front man. We don't need anybody conducting us."

Now 56, he says. "I love this band more than ever. I couldn't live without it. It's keeping me young."

Lewis was 18 when he came to New York from Buffalo with a swinging territory band run by Lenny Lewis (no relation) in 1948. The leader was, "really aggressive, knew Artie Shaw and a lot of people." With Basie veteran Al Killian on lead trumpet, they worked the Savoy Ballroom and the Apollo Theatre in Harlem. He worked the Apollo with Boyd Raeburn and Basie hired him for three weeks, filling in between Gus Johnson and Shadow Wilson, later that summer.

Along with Tiny Kahn, Stan Levy, Shelly Manne and Al Levitt, he was one of a generation of fine Jewish big band drummers who came up with fresh authoritative discretion as part of the second bebop echelon. This is a fact, it has nothing to do with the white-black controversy, nobody is being compared. But Jewish drumming talent is ethnologically interesting, overlooked, and pertinent in this context. It would be nice to have room to look into it deeper sometime.

Stan Kenton hated Lewis away from Tex Beneke and the Glenn Miller Orchestra. He considers himself lucky. "It was the one swinging band Kenton had. There was Charlie Mariano and Bill Holman and all those guys. We had some battles of the bands with Basie and we could hold our own. We were loose. We could hold our own with anybody."

HE SETTLED IN LOS Angeles and started to get "all the good work". But Shelly Manne got "all the money work". Lewis made about an album a week, good jazz albums with good people but "you're only talking \$100 each. Plus maybe one jazz club gig a week, now we're talking \$15. It wasn't a living."

It got worse after a tour of the Soviet Union with Benny Goodman. "I couldn't even get arrested in L.A.," is the way he puts it. When he decided to move back to New York in 1963, Ben Webster told him, "If you're going I'm going too. What am I going to do out here without my

drummer?"

Less than a month after arriving, Lewis was working with Webster in the Shulmar club in Harlem. "My first big-time gig in New York was in Harlem in 1948 and there I was back in Harlem. It was wonderful."

Although the big band he co-founded two years later has played Europe, Hong Kong, the Soviet Union (for the US State Department) and Japan, tours have been far from regular, they have not released a record in two years and one night a week in the tiny Vanguard is more romance than finance. Everybody lives off other projects, relying on a shadow band of "first-choice substitutes" to cover conflicts with Monday nights.

Lewis works as guest soloist, virtuoso percussionist and teacher — mostly in Europe. "I have a workshop in the Alps in July, in May I'm playing some Bob Brookmeyer arrangements with the West Deutsche Rundfunk radio orchestra in



Mel Lewis in his ordinary days.

Cologne, in April I'm doing the Bern Jazz Festival and in February I spent three days teaching at the jazz academy in Hilversum, Holland. It would sure be nice to work more with the band, though I guess I shouldn't complain. There have been maybe ten years you could call slow nights in 20 years at the Vanguard.

"We're still waiting for Max to tell us not to come in next week."

**JAMES BLOOD ULMER-GEORGE
ADAMS QUARTET
LONDON 100 CLUB**

IT'S A MEAN BUSINESS. THE CLUB'S A MESS, people are crashing drinks on to the floor. And it's a Sunday, not much of a night for hell-raising. The bag guitar player on the stand can't get a record contract, and he's playing music that ought to guarantee him the opportunities that sapper musicians take for granted. A mean business.

Blood's blues sound a little simpler than they did a few years ago. Having turned his back on the penniless theorising that went with strict harmonology, Ulmer's taken the music into a dark but easily handled mainstream – it's like open-ended, alien urban blues, the extremes of the great Chicago *masters hollowed out and left to resonate over a* supercharged boogaloo beat. The rhythm section, with longtime bassist Amin Ali still thumping out the main licks, are clattery but less prone to straying out of the song form. Blood's still doing "Where Did All The Girls Come From?", that classic lament is chewed up without it breaking up.

George Adams is a good choice of partner for Blood. The tenorman has always found anything in an R & B groove to be meat and drink, and when it's as wired and messed around as this he can rip through all his own extremes without losing the orbit. Adams played a snorting undertow on every tune and levered himself into solos that might begin stealthy and finish mad, or just be plain mad from the start. Ulmer's own style is an expert mix of simile ends, a raw fusion of rhythm and lead playing.

Enubant, fun, and plenty of music-within-music, if you wanted to stop and check the structures. And mean.

Richard Cook

**ELVIN JONES JAZZ MACHINE
LONDON RONNIE SCOTT'S**

AFTER ELVIN'S WONDERFUL GIGS WITH John Surman *et al* at Camden I was itching to hear the latest edition of the Jazz Machine. As the first set opened with a rather flabby ensemble I felt a wave of disappointment. Then, as suddenly as if a switch had been thrown, everything came together and the Machine was in gear with a vengeance. Skidmore's first solo was splendidly abusive

but just in case anyone still thought this was Radio 2 Sonny Fortune's contribution poured vintage paint-stripper in your ear. Not for a moment did the two tenors let up after that; if occasionally structural coherence was sacrificed to intensity I neither noticed nor cared. Both reedmen were a constant delight. Skidmore's solos flowed more perhaps, but Fortune was equally inventive with a searing tone that had you mainlined from the first bar.

The concerts with Surman inevitably evoked Elvin's duets/duels with Coltrane that were at the heart of Trane's quartets, quintets and the rest. At Scott's, in place of such dialectics, Elvin was much more the straightforward neo-bop driver prodding the band forward. Compared with his usual method of now encouraging, now harrying, now debating tactics with the soloists, this was less unmistakably Elvin, but the style was ideal for this band.

The spirit of Trane was undoubtedly present all evening. It was there at times in Ronnie Scott's playing in the excellent sets by the house quintet (including Coltrane's "Mr P.C.") while Alan Skidmore recalled the Atlantic period and Fortune called up memories of *Cosmo Music and Live In Seattle*. Magnificent as the front line was, Jones was of course the star. Powerful with both brushes and inverted sticks, he also produced some of his classic surging mallet solos, counterpointed as ever by those rhythmic grunts. Fumio Karashima's piano solos were varied and enjoyable but bassist Andy McGhee stood no chance against the usual contingent of loudmouths in the club; however, both men afforded strong support in the ensembles and behind the solos.

Barry Wierherden

**STEPHANE GRAPPELLI
LANCASTER ASHTON HALL**

OUT HERE IN THE JAZZ-STICKS YOU TAKE whatever you can get. It makes for the kind of mixed programming your average city centre punter might not be inclined to indulge in. Last month Kahondo Skyle, this month the 'Art Tatum of the violin' and his quartet. From "Fascinating Rhythm" to "I've Got Rhythm" we were treated to the promenading of the maestro's breathtakingly flawless technique, trillions of trills, icebergs of glissandi. I'm afraid I found it quite soulless. There never seems to be a spare moment in Grappelli's playing even in the slower numbers, every

space is stuffed with notes. The result is every number is made to sound the same and the entire performance becomes like one long medley.

It was the other musicians who made the evening worthwhile for me, the guitarists in particular. Jack Sewing's bass was workmanlike but ill-served by the town hall acoustics which ate up his solos, leaving us the skins. Martin Taylor I already knew to be an excellent guitarist. In this setting, as you'd expect, he's very much Django's man, though Grappelli often uses him to introduce a song with a few ethereal arpeggios which the violin suddenly, and 'unexpectedly', turns up-tempo. They did a few duets too, but each time the violin seemed to swamp the guitar and the nuances of interplay were lost (somewhere in the mix I suspect). When you could hear his solos they came close to Grappelli, the same fast-moving virtuosity but with more rhythmic variation and the occasional hint of the blues.

Louis Stewart provided a more substantial contrast. He wasn't afraid to play nothing for a bar or two if it suited. He played around with the beat, risked pauses and invested more real emotion on the night than Taylor and Grappelli combined. His solos were consistent highlights and following them even Grappelli's playing seemed a little more considered for a moment or so.

The other highlight was Taylor and Stewart's duet spot. Their "Black Orpheus" could have sparkled more but was nevertheless a real refresher. After it Grappelli played an embarrassingly florid medley solo on the piano that took the evening to its nadir. If the very mixed bag of locals who made up the audience applauded this with the solid enthusiasm they applauded everything else the TV star did, it can only go to show how indiscriminating a dearth of quality live music can make you. Myself – well before the end of the second encore I'd had my fill.

Steve Lewis

**ARILD ANDERSEN QUINTET
LONDON DONMAR WAREHOUSE**

AN AFTERNOON OF VERY CLEAR, articulate music: the players in bassist Andersen's group are accomplished, astute technicians, but they perform with a fresh, almost poetic enjoyment which passes easily into an audience. None of the themes stood out

L I V E W I R E



JACK WORTH

J A M E S

B L O O D U L M E R from rhythm and blues to harmony and back to the blues again

from the others — it all went on at a clean, modulated pace which could be gripping or dramatic by turns. Refreshing to hear a band whose members didn't insist on taking a solo in every tune or blaring their own talents. The music often held most strongly when moving very quietly.

The front line of Nils Petter Molvær and Tore Brunborg looked pale and Norwegian, but they mostly sounded livelier than that. Brunborg delivered painterly lines on tenor and soprano, and the more assertive Molvær found an occasional freak tone in his trumpet to go with the electronic crack box he had round his waist. Essentially, though, their roles were to provide sharp decoration for the sometimes brilliant rhythm section. Jon Balke is an old associate of Andersen's, a pianist with a dry, percussive touch on the electric keyboard that suits the bassist's conception of asymmetrical lines. But it was Jon Christensen that made the event crackle.

Christensen is a thrilling education in the art of the drums. He sets his cymbals to one side, in a fashion that might suggest rock, and he plays impulsively, without any fuss; yet the kit comes on like a roar of activity. Cymbal and snare interplay resembles a fusillade of gunfire, punctuated by the crash sound that's completely his own. Like Steve McCall, he has the gift of devising a different climate for every piece, and his one unaccompanied passage was unlike any other drum solo. Though he comes from a hard bop shadow, this mastery is uniquely European.

The group's *Band A Part* LP is a little unexciting, but here they showed lyrical and leanline in generous measure.

Richard Cook

TEST DEPARTMENT AND THE MINISTRY OF POWER LONDON BISHOPSGATE BRIDGE DEPOT

NIGHT. OUTSIDE A WEST LONDON TUBE stop, the exiting crowd peers anxiously through the darkness, in search of those spray-painted signs which will direct them to Test Department's GLC Farewell gig: the group's first London show this year. Among the many who slowly converge on the site (a gigantic, art deco rail maintenance depot overshadowed by a freeway) are many Mayakowskys. Among the shivering suedheads, casuals and stray Romantics — not so New anyone — they swagger, all

semi-barren barnets and statuesque greatcoats.

Romantic images of revolutionary Russia pervade Britain's pop culture these days, despite (or perhaps because of) a mainstream media hatred for the Soviet state. Socialist-Futurist T-Shirts and sleeve design; Red Wedge, jackboots for poetry. And, unquestionably, the man of this moment is that great poet-personality Vladimir Mayakovsky (1893–1930). Currently his name appears in the pop press as frequently as it once did in *Kommunisticheskaya pravda* or *Nasty LEF*.

Many see him simply as the First Skinhead, a foggy symbolic figure. Others are persuaded of his charisma by the two actors busy inheriting it for portrayals on the London Stage — Robin Sneller and the psychopathically individual Daniel Day Lewis of *My Beautiful Laundrette* fame. Nevertheless, Mayakovsky is an appropriate inspiration for countless intense, close-cropped students and workers stalking the concert-halls of the UK. It's not mere posthumous glamour which makes the Russian Wildman their folk hero, it's the impact with which he mixed his art and activism.

Inside Bishopsgate Bridge Depot, close to a thousand punners mingle. Some snout the specially-designed banners from 53rd State — 30 feet tall — at the back of this circular hall. Others contemplate the temporary, 30 foot-long painted slogan (THE MINISTRY OF POWER) which vertically decorates one of the two columns which form the ends of the centre-stage. The stage itself is a six-foot-high affair, a circle within the circle of the bizarre venue itself. It is strewn with panels, barrels, coals, and large Malcolm Poynter sculptures made of industrial junk metal; plus assorted ropes, red banners, waxen dummies, microphone stands and rope nets. When the stage lighting flares up to reveal a solitary bagpiper, we start to realise why.

Over a massive, stirring taped intro which booms against the metal walls all round us, his pipes begin to keen. And nine synchronized film projectors whirr into action, flooding the circumference surrounding the viewers with molten imagery from the nation's press and psyche. Headlines, miners, Maggie and Princess Di — but many images treated, bleached or otherwise doctored to fit the shade of comment musically applied. As the multi-media barrage takes hold (every awestruck, lamplight face is gazing at a different angle; they become part of the mosaic too), Test Department stride onstage. In black Bolshevik model trousers and white T-shirts, they begin

to pummel and pound their industrial percussion devices, slamming over-amplified drum pedals into rusted-out 500 gallon tanks. Against the walls to either side of them, between the projections and the crowds, dancers in futuristic attire (alternating between black and white on their breaks) perform solemnly, sometimes with flaming torches.

Onstage in the centre, a bare-chested black male dancer spins a huge red flag, this gives way to a miner declaiming a poem from the strike, then dancers strewn like Gencaul's bodies along a huge rope net which swings from ceiling to stage. As the ensemble's seamless drive builds, with taped music still underlying the whole, bouncing off the depot walls, the force becomes tremendous. For over an hour the pace never flags, and the choreography is impeccable. It ends with a crescendo of sound, steam, and sweat flying in the stage lights — while two aerialists in flaming red spandex spin on ropes above us, holding a series of Socialist worker poses.

The spectacle is breathtaking but uncanny exactly like something out of Mayakovsky and Meyerhold's revolutionary theatre. Yet this is no paint-by-numbers epic, as a specific celebration of the GLC's art support and a notice that radical arts ideas will not be abandoned, it works. Afterwards, in the industrial frontier saloon (a freezing space delineated by planks atop industrial scaffolding), the band confide the budget for their extravaganza: £120,000.

Although most of the attendees are more likely to have read Mayakovsky himself than *Gorky Park*, it's of a passage in the latter I think on the long and cold way home. Of the moment when protagonist Arkady Renko of present-day Moscow goes to dine with old school friend Mishka Mikoyan, Mishka drags Renko into the family barroom, to admire his immaculate new *Siberia* washing-machine — an appliance the Mikoyans have waited ten months to own. The proud householder twists knobs on the roaring spin-dryer to show it off. "Fantastic, no?" he shouts to Renko. "Pietty!" replies his comrade, raising the vodka. "The poetry of Mayakovsky, but poetry nonetheless."

Cynthia Rose

BURUNDI DRUMMERS DJOLIBA LONDON TOWN & COUNTRY CLUB

IT'S JUST, YOU KNOW, DRUMMING. ISN'T

L I V E W I R E

that a teeny but . . . boring." But boys, but girls, there's *no such thing* as boring. It's a line of argument that never wicks, and still I have to rely on it, or something very like it.

African traditional music isn't entirely about drumming, but its features are so slammed up against the surface that you can't not happen across it. Actually it exists in extraordinary variety, but that's probably beside the point. You may know it, you have the recording of an entire continent to pick through: the practitioners, and indeed the audiences, from a tiny landlocked and impoverished country like Burundi don't get this opportunity.

Drumming is the muscular articulation of time – which means everything and nothing. It relies on event (the punctuation of eternity's silence): and it relies on the unchanging repetition of this event – either the actual fact of it, or else the idea, as ground, to compare and recognise change. Djoliba, from Mali, are a pastoral chamber orchestra – the roll and winding of kuras, lute and balafon – to set off three voices: and voice, in the Islamic north, means a bruising wail somehow overful of melody, so that the song lines slip and twist and overload . . . the drums in this set-up burst across the rustling idyll like radio static, a five-fold urgent crackle, a natural learnt vertical complexity that keeps a listener suspended, drawn into the matrix and fascinated; or else excluded, battered and baffled.

Burundi Drumming is something else. They club their skins in highly choreographed unison, a choir of heavy metal stickmen in togas. And this audience – more widely based than the usual Africa watchers, more schooled in rock, maybe – they love it. With good reason. It's not that the Burundi Beat scorns subtlety, more that they recognise the value of a good *show*. So the lead drummers play out a slapstick of conflict, wild cycle of exit and entry and chase and mimed argument while the forest of raised and falling arms recall the swinging legs of the Broadway chorus line. These musicians, with nine-tenths of their home audience, are full time subsistence farmers; the whole entertainment is about the pure physical joy of release. They pound themselves exhausted in half an hour. To watch, in heat, to us over here, it's a simple matter of fun and no need to look for more. Caught up in the life and logic of it, it may mean many other things – but you can't help noticing how much they enjoy the leaping about as well.

Mark Sinker



The Burundi Drummers

DAVID COOK



NEW YORK EAR AND EYE

FROM THE SIDEWALKS

MUSIC FROM THE OPEN SKY, FROM MOUTH ORGANS AND GOSPEL
SISTERS: PETER PULLMAN FILES ANOTHER REPORT ON RECENT
HAPPENINGS IN THE BIG APPLE.

SWEET BASIL'S, A COSY GREENWICH Village club with wood panelling, makes announcements at the beginning of each set about the need for quiet during the music. Although there are the usual eaters and drinkers, and a few implacable gabblers, the club serves notice that this is a serious listening post. The only excess likely to peel any paint in the joint is a screaming saxophone.

February brings "Music Is An Open Sky" to the club, a festival promising "today music". The featured acts actually follow no particular orthodoxy, and the diversity of music dispels any notion of artiness or "vision" implied by the title. The press releases about the young lions or the (wait for it) avant garde are so silly — is it fair to the artist or the adjective to call Anthony Braxton "new" — even the *NY Times* restrains itself from the customary "new directions" angle in their coverage. Last year had Braxton with Marilyn Cuspell, John Carter with Andrew Cyrille and two cooks, a Peter Brotzmann trio with William Parker and Peter Kowald with David Ware and Cyrille.

This year's offerings are as diverse if less daring, including: more women players, groups led by Fred Houn and Tim Berne, David Murray with Sirone and Sunny Murray, and the Roscoe Mitchell Sound Ensemble.

Admittedly it has taken me some years to dig Roscoe's genius apart from the Art Ensemble. I tend to like my alcos as fire-breathers with a lot of blues. Compared with Jimmy Lyons (the other greatest alto), Roscoe is more of a tanker than a hammer. Many of his improvisations are pushed and pulled from the horn, as he moulds the space around him. It is only afterwards you realize how far he has transformed the room.

The set began tentatively, the front line of two trumpets and Mitchell's flute settling in for some legato tiffing, not unlike low-keyed vocal harmonizing. During a long atonal section, reading from scores, the rhythm filled in where it thought it wasn't intruding. Mitchell's flute had none of the buoyancy one finds on his AEC work, and even a swatch to soprano only eked out the music incremental-

ly. A great Roscoe solo has him bobbing and weaving, alternately trying to suck sound out of the instrument or push it away from his body, cringing and squinting. In this Webern-like exercise, there wasn't a feint or dodge coming out of him.

and yet, a couple of cross-melodies began to creep up on us (did they warm up or did we?) Trumpeter Hugh Ragin became emboldened by the progression, taking up a Roscoe dare. The second piece picked up the emerging spirit, and the three horns started to hear each other, trading flurries of notes. Roscoe switched to alto, which was more authoritative than flute in the context. The thing took hold. Roscoe was gygating and mewling, his serpentine alto weaving among the trumpets. No longer taking an aleatory 'measure' of us, the Sound Ensemble gives us ruses and fillings, ebbs and flows.

The focus turned again to Roscoe. His patchwork solos have fragments of blues, bits of melody, riffs, hooks, cadenzas. He is like a little boy, a half-shy piper, standing in the

corner of a room, facing the wall. He rocks gently back and forth, pulling out of the pipe every sound he or we have ever heard. Energetic without being frantic, striking every note possible, he fills the room with sound.

Finally, the group gave bursts of energy in duets and trios. Bleating, blaring Mitchell even played trumpet trills on his sax. There were no more horn monologues, only intense conversations. The leader, taking to chanting "Who's doing what?" repeatedly, even took on a heckler who demanded bass solos. "This isn't about solos!" Roscoe charged, and then obliterated the guy with a foghorn blast of a solo at a furious pace.

Although things started to break up harmonically and emotionally, and the piece lost its momentum, Roscoe's edgy phrasing and blanket of sound, especially in the up-tempo, was polyphony at its most profound.

A SLICE OF AMERICANA WAS SERVED AT The Ballroom, a swank, multi-tiered restaurant in midtown, for six weeks this winter. Larry Adler, self-styled virtuoso of the mouth organ (self-styled term for the harmonica), performed in various contexts, evoking decades of popular song. He did solos, duets with tap dancer Paul Draper or pianist Ellis Laekins, played accompanied by taped symphony orchestras and even accompanied himself: left hand on the piano, right hand on the harmonica. The clincher, though, was a "duet" with George Gershwin – he blew *Rhapsody In Blue* while a Reproducing Piano (RP) played a roll recorded by the author in the 1920s.

Contexts aside, there are a lot of effects in his playing. There is a blues "feel" in his music, but the slower the tempo the less appealing it is. On uptempo pieces the sound is clearer, influences emerge rather than seeming appended, and there is swing. "How High The Moon", free of cant and self-conscious lyricism, was bracing. "Daydream", the magnificent Strayhorn ballad, was stunning, evoking Hodges without copying him. But "My Funny Valentine" was sticky-sweet, and set the tone for his reliance on ballads: he squeezes the prettiness out of a melody until it whines. When he goes for a change of tempo at the bridge, he effects a folksy whistling, redolent of rural America. From the heart of the heart of the country, this pining for the simple, American sounds of an earlier age are refreshing to the point of saturation.

The Gershwin duet, gimmicky aside, was the highlight of the evening – if a bit unsettling at first. The lights dim, the keys start to move and somewhere George must be smiling. It was great to hear the melody, unadorned, probably close to the thapodizing going on in Gershwin's head – before every American symphony grappled with ways to embellish and expand it. The Reproducing Piano gives the full dynamic range of the

pianist who cut the roll – unlike the Player Piano, which only reproduces the notes. While it might miss a subtle emphasis of fingering, it was great to hear the American classic without the orchestral machinations Adler, properly relegated to support for the soloist on this and a Rachmaninoff piece, tiffed off the melodies, huffing and puffing away.

It is true that Adler's eclecticism has paired him with Segovia and Jolson, Isaac Stern and Eddie Cantor, as well as Ellington, Fred Astaire, Jack Benny and Sugar Ray Robinson. The insistent public relations program also reminds us that his duet act with Paul Draper was "the highest paid and most successful concert attraction on the world" (when?) Unfortunately, the segment with Draper was just cute pastiche: clever routines from the movie-house days.

Larry Adler seems as ambivalent about America as vice versa. He celebrates a kind of folk wisdom in his songs and anecdotes. His music springs from the people, expressing the popular in American Popular Song. An evening with him is an appreciation of the richness and diversity of that tradition. His virtuosity and command of the musical idioms are touching. But his brand of American is really his own, and much closer to Adletrana. He wants the fire of popular culture to keep burning – as long as he's the keeper of the flame.

"FRAGMENTS OF BLUES, BITS OF MELODY, RIFFS, HONKS, CADENZAS"

ON THE MUSIC SCENE IN GREENWICH Village, you never know where the next revelation is coming from. Two weeks ago I found one in a church – where the Gospel was being dished out. It being Saturday night at the parish, there was no "minimum", no "cover". A lesson well-learned: never judge a gig by its cover.

From constant use by community groups, the Washington Square Church has gotten run down. What filled the venerable hall this night was the Budget Sisters, a gifted trio from the "up-country" of North Carolina. The program, titled "A Cappella – Sacred & Secular", produced by the World Music Institute, also presented New Emage, a rhythm and blues group from Philadelphia. WMI, which has been presenting indigenous musics of the world for a number of years, now alternates among a few downtown venues. Their efforts to bring authentic musics from folk traditions as diverse as Pansori Epic (Korea) and Santoor virtuosos (North India) do not deafen them to music closer to home. The "A Cappella" evening is part of their *Voces Of The Avernus*

series – transporting us from the Bolivian Andes to the Mohawk reservation on the Canadian border.

The Budget Sisters, Cleo, Karna and Celeste, hail from the tobacco country in the Carolines, and have been singing together since 1945. The programme note assures us they sing "a cappella gospel in the traditional African-American quartet style" – so what's one singer between friends? Accustomed, however, to singing jubilee songs before local church groups, this was their first performance in the Northeast.

Singing in front of a lifeless organ, with little backdrop and a few harsh lights, the surroundings and circumstances (respectively) underwhelmed and overwhelmed them at first. A bit tentative in their voicings, they used the colourful lyrics and buoyant melodies to break the ice. With a refrain of: "[name] kicked the Devil out of Heaven cause He wouldn't join the band" everyone felt at ease, and realized that just because this was the Sacred half of the show, didn't mean the Sisters wouldn't raise a little Hell.

Ah, the beauty of harmony . . . These women seemed to alternate displays of power and subtlety. Three would sound like 30; then a shift in emphasis, a switch to the chorus or harmonizing on the bridge – and they became three again, or even one. Celeste, taking the baritone parts, would boom, "Ob . . . Ob . . . Ob" while her sisters sang "Satan's Tumbler Me" and they all joined in on " . . . it must have been the hand of the Lord". Celeste, an impressive, plucked, stand-up bass, walked the bass line so gently, she never let on if the Devil walked with her.

Cleo, the beautiful tenor-alto, shined so sweetly on "Swing Low, Sweet Chariot" – the resonant notes with a soul-style waver and slight hitch in the voice. I was reminded of the rich timbre of a great, expansive tenor sax, like Coleman Hawkins. This was followed by the infectious syncopation of "When The Lord Gets Ready (You Gotta Move)". One could hear so much Black music from other idioms: the beat of an Atlantic or Motown single; for example. It became clear you don't need a back-up band, or even a backbeat – the human voice has all the resources in it. No wonder all those singing groups got their Soul inspiration from the church.

The Budget Sisters, never intrusive, never insistent, demonstrated what power and feelings reside in the human voice – and what varieties harmony can achieve without mechanical assistance. My sentiments seemed best echoed by a naughty song the Sisters disclaimed before singing: "I don't know where I learned it," said Celeste, "but my father wouldn't let me sing it." A series of satiric verses, its refrain was "Let The Church Roll On".

Amw

CLIVE BELL AND PETER CUSACK

CUTTINGSOUND LOOSE AND HEARING IT AFRESH. BY MARK SINKER.

MEN JUMP INTO MUSIC

DO PEOPLE ACTUALLY HEAR WHAT they listen to? Twice in two months Peter Cusack and Clive Bell performed, once at an Improvising Festival at the Soho Poly, once as part of a Japanese month at the Festival Hall. The first is pitifully attended, the second packed. But give or take different companions, they're playing the same music. As far as improvising ever comes out the same. Whichever, the same qualities shine through, the care, the learning, the lumpy strangeness.

The difference is that the second audience are making allowances for possible oddities in Japanese Sonic Art that they'd simply not countenance in Home Grown. All manner of scrape and hollow wail and untuned tune is absorbed and appreciated. No one has told them how far from orthodox the performance they've just witnessed actually is, that Takashi Sawano is considered very avant-garde, as an *ikebana* flower arranger, that Bell and Cusack and Rae Yanagisawa and Joji Hirota have been playing well out of the tradition, mixing in very odd juxtapositions, taking things beyond standard limits. Ignorance has opened the ears of an audience, for a change.

Cusack and Bell's record *Bird Jumps Into Wood* (Bead 22) continues the story. Outland instruments — bouzouki, crumhorn, shakuhachi, kene — played in the style for a while, and then out and all about, past taped noise and guesswork and all the fun and moment-to-moment profit to be found in free improvisation. Do they change the sense of these musics (echoes of Greek, Japanese, Thai or Turkish worlds) from the original contexts?

Cusack is careful to be rigorous when he tackles serious questions. Lets words out deliberately, shyly, makes sure they won't misbehave in the open: "I don't think there's much serious concern to be authentic." The tape fails to pick up a good quarter of his thoughts. "I'm not interested in changing my musical nationality, even if it were possible. How you treat other people's music is complicated. You have to respect them." He insists that no one should think they're playing, or attempting to play, in traditional manner.

But improvisation lives in or under the skin of any music, composed, programmed, handed down. Somewhere, sometime, somebody sat down and fiddled... and everything you ever took to heart and loved fell out of that. Bell and Cusack belong to that school of improvisation that's happy to respect and explore the value and values of any music, old, new, whole or shredded, loved, reviled. As a member of



Alterations, Cusack's already been undermining every snob prejudice you ever took time to build. With Terry Day he joins Steve Beresford and David Toop in splicing knowledge and cheek to damage and to expand our listening choice.

PERHAPS BELL, SCHOOLED IN WESTERN and Japanese classical flute, has less open option before him than Cusack, who works on guitars and tapes, both adaptable to circumstances. But his pleasure is stretching himself and his music. Both of them revel in the chances and surprises thrown up in Kahondo Style, their most time-consuming gig. In Clive's words: "I think it's not an obvious grouping of people. Although we all knew each other round the LMC scene, it's got the sort of frictions between people that are very productive."

Kahondo Style don't simply toss around found sound — though even that's enough to drive a stake through the soul of the older generation's purism — they go the full mile. They play composed songs. A wholly different discipline, and for a skilled free improviser, the hardest. Alterations sounded as if they were doing it, but it turns out that all their work was actually improvised. Cusack discusses Derek Bailey's theory about the necessary forms of improvised music, the need for interaction and fruitful multiple conversation perhaps excluding the possibility of very complex structures, as bebop

lines, as the other rangled but clear angles in a preplanned performance. After outlining it at some length, he wonders if he doesn't actually disagree with it, thinks instead it may just have taken a long time and wide study to learn to move from free rein to tight weave and back. The beauty of Kahondo Style is in the fascination that skills of improvising and abstract noise-shaping bring to arrangements for otherwise simple songs. Kazuko Hokku (elsewhere a Frank Chalken) has a useful voice — barely in control of English vowel-flow, she reacts much more to mood-change than most singers, and her tone bubbles with a procan uncertainty: the others (Max Eastley, David Holme, Sioned Jones, Stuart Jones, Alan Tomlinson) wind and unravel a powerful flexibility for such a democratic set-up. Cusack would like to unleash them on a larger scale project, perhaps a musical. (Their only record to date is *My Heart's In Motion*, on ruro: it's a well-sorted primer.)

IT'S IMPORTANT, THIS KIND OF

MUSIC, because it cuts sound loose from situation and society for a while — so that when it falls back, you hear it fresh. Authenticity, as a sonic characteristic? So much gibberish. You just can't hear it. The headline insistence on abstraction and the isolation that followed.

I think the last was beginning to be taken as token of truth in duty, but it isn't. Vital lines radiate out of entertainment: the ideas and associations and prejudices that could be cut loose from presentation, without being sentimental or sententious about 'popular' forms, without being snooty about communication, its urgency or else its impossibility, they make a play on all these... I think only narrow-mindedness really bugs this friendly and generous pair (that and incompetent promotion — but that's another story). Cusack would like *Wry* to take up arms every now and then about the administration of marginal music, its distribution, the channels of information: "I actually have rather a lot to say on this subject."

Bell also plays the accordion. His technique, he admits, is very basic, but he likes its challenge to an improviser, and he enjoys the postage of images the ungainly monster carries with it: "I think if you play the accordion, it's hard to be very abstract."

When people actually hear what they listen to, any small sound has its moments.

RECOLLECTIONS OF THE FUTURE

Contemporary composition by Max Harrison

THERE WAS SOME STUFF IN LAST MONTH'S COLUMN ABOUT VARIOUS composers reaching their 50th birthday, and here we go again because this time it is supposedly Steve Reich who makes it to the half-century mark. Respectable works of reference maintain that *Der Tag* is 3 October, but The Place, Duke's Road, is getting in early with a Reich Weekend on 28-9 June. Circle, directed by Gregory Rose, will perform numerous works from 1965 onwards with The Man himself handling sound projection. There will also be what is called an Open Forum with Reich, which presumably means that one can ask him questions – though when I did an open forum with another of these 'minimalist' composers a couple of years ago I could scarcely get a word in edgeways, which was a great relief to everyone, above all to me. Anyhow, The Place is the spot to be if you want to avoid Joshua Rifkin playing Joplin rags in the Festival Hall on 28 June. As a result of an especially brilliant piece of planning Naomi Davidovitch also plays Joplin rags in the Purcell Room on 28 June, though she is teamed with Tristan Fry, the famous percussionist.

Of course, there are plenty of other worthy happenings earlier in the month, even at The Place. On 20 June, for example, our old friend Yoshikazu Iwamoto, the internationally renowned performer on the shakuhachi, will give forth with some traditional shakuhachi music plus works for shakuhachi and computer-generated tape. These have been written by five young British composers – viz. Michael Vaughan, Andrew Lewis, Michael Turnball, Richard Artree and Michael Deadten – as a result of commissions from the all-powerful Electro-Acoustic Music Association of Great Britain.

And, Rifkin aside, there is also much worth hearing on the South Bank this month. On 2 June in the Queen Elizabeth Hall the Luciano ensemble complete their 10th anniversary series with a concert that opens with Ravel's exotics, even erotic, *Chansons Madisises* and closes with Boulez's ever-popular *Le Marteau Sans Maltre*. In between comes the London premiere of Steve Martland's revision of his *Remembering Lennon*, a set of variations on a Beale song. In the original version this latter fortunately was unrecognisable, but – who knows! – it may have emerged into audibility in the revision. *Carrot Emperor*.

Perhaps by this time you need reminding of the BBC's 'Music Of Eight Decades' series, which was the main subject of the now-historic first edition of this column. We have worked our way to the last programme of this sequence, to be heard at the Queen Elizabeth Hall on 4 June. It has Luther Zagrosek conducting the London Sinfonietta in a rather challenging set of pieces: Roberto Gerhard's *Loba*, Boulez's *Derive*, Maderna's Oboc Concerto and Xenakis's *Thallos* – densely-argued scores every one.

ARISTOTLE WROTE THAT "THE FLUTE IS not an instrument which has a good moral tone – it is far too exciting" (*Politics VIII*), but that is no reason to avoid Anna Noakes's recital at the Purcell Room on 15 June. Besides Messiaen's *Le Merle Noir* and Jolivet's *Chant De L'oiseau*, she will play some quite unfamiliar flute pieces. Besides the London premiere of John Rushby-Smith's *Syzygy*, Alison Cox's *Star Cycle* is to be heard, and Stephen Pratt's *Star And Dead Leaver*. That last title reminds me of those of some of David Owen Norris's scores. There will be a whole programme of his music in the Concert Room of the Royal Academy of Music on 19 June. Included will be *Blazing Frost*,

Darkest Africa, *What My Lady Did*, *Burning Genius* and the *Marquis de Sade Waltz*.

Also at the Academy and still in the Concert Room there will on 24 June be performed a selection of works by some of the venerable institution's resident professors. Among these is a fairly interesting Trombone Quartet by Ted Gregson, Paul Patterson's *Luslawice Variations*, a *String Quartet* by Tim Baxter and Melanie Daiken's *Viola Sonata*. The big one at the Academy this month, however, will be in the Theatre on 30 June, when a jazz concert will be directed by none other than Graham Collier. In fact this is part of the Richard Rodney Bennett 50th birthday celebrations and will include his perfectly harmless *Jazz Calendar* along with items by Michael Garrick, Kenny Wheeler, Michael Gibbs and the aforementioned Collier. Doubtless all the young lins, or at any rate young tomcats, of jazz commentary will show up for this (*Musae-Ed*).

But back to the South Bank, where besides the M.J.Q., Joe Pass and Marian Montgomery you can also find a rather unusual concert by the London Cantata Choir on 25 June. Despite marvellous pieces such as Messiaen's *Cinq Rechants* and Xenakis's *Nuits*, the new music is not much associated with choral voices. All the more reason, then, to hear Peter Moore direct Sebastian Forbes's *Melior Eius Novissima* and Robert Walker's *Summer Madrigals*, which have their London premiere. Bennett bobs up, too, with his *Six Changes* and *The Spell Of Sleep*.

You may be amused to hear that some of the avant garde figures who suffer the dubious honour of exposure in this column have now become sufficiently famous, or notorious to have thrust upon them the further indignity of being the subject of entries in the seventh edition of *Baker's Biographical Dictionary Of Musicians* (Oxford University Press, £125). In fact this 2577 page volume, besides being "arrestingly complicit", to quote its own disabliging description of Luciano Pavarotti, now contains 13,000 biographies, 1,000 of them quite new. These range from Juhan Aaltonen, the Finnish flautist, to Frank Zappa ("an accounting of Zappa's scatological and xenological proclivities stands in remarkable contrast to his unimpeachable private life and total abstention from alcohol and narcotic drugs").

In other words the editor, Nicholas Slonimsky, though now in his 92nd year, has lost none of his relish for gossip, is as far as ever from exhausting his vein of entertaining malice. Thus the *seductress* Engelbert Humperdinck "showed innate aptitude for raucous sentimentality and unmitigated schmalz", and Elton John "for all his low aspirations is capable of forming lines of communication with kindred souls on a comparable level of intelligence". One might object less to Slonimsky's old habit of printing the Nazi Party membership numbers of various distinguished German and Austrian musicians if he were willing also to include the Communist Party membership numbers of certain others equally distinguished. Yet it is hard to remain cross for long with one who, seeming to diet on dictionaries, writes such Nabokovian prose. As when he comments that Michael Jackson "Could count on an audience of one-quarter of the earth's entire population (c. 2,000,000,000)" and notes that Jackson's "androgynous appearance and his penchant for outlandish apparel seem to act like a stream of powerful pheromones on squealing admiring youths of both sexes". Quite (*See me, Max-Ed*).

T E R E N C E B L A N C H A R D



MOUTHPIECE OF INTEGRITY

ART BLAKEY'S MUSICAL DIRECTOR AND TRUMPETER HAS A NEW DEAL WITH CBS AND HIS SIGHTS SET FIRMLY ON ANOTHER LEVEL OF PLAYING MUSIC. HE EXPLAINS TO RICHARD COOK WHY WE CAN DO BETTER THAN FAST FOOD.

"MAN, THE WIND WAS BLOWIN' SO HARD yesterday, I said to Donald, feels like the start of hurricane season!"

Terence Blanchard dresses very smart casual. Where does he get his clothes?

"Everywhere. Italy, London, Japan, Canada."

He pulls on one white sock and wriggles his toes into it.

"I bought these in the States!"

He was born in the same country 23 years ago, in the town of New Orleans. Today he is the trumpeter and musical director for Art Blakey's Jazz Messengers.

"We think of, uh, trying to be respectable. It's a pride in the kind of music we play. That's the only reason we dress the way we do. It used to be a general practice — if you don't respect yourself, nobody else will. The 70s, everybody experimented with new kinda things, but it didn't turn out the way they thought it would.

"That's why you see a lot of musicians who'd

gone into other areas in the 70s coming back and trying to play jazz. Whereas they could have been jazz musicians all along. Chased the almighty dollar."

BLANCHARD HUFFS POLITELY AT THE notion. He is a round, boyish man, with his big spectacles accentuating the egghead look of his face. He peers mildly at me. Terence, does that mean that money's coming back into the genuine article?

"Money? Naw. Things are being done, there's an effort to do things *in the right way*. Way I see it, jazz musicians have always been *unintentionally* taken advantage of. A lot haven't had the knowledge of the business side of it. But with the resurgence of the music there's a resurgence in other areas, which enables music to be presented in a positive light. I have a lot of friends in the legal world in the States, and they are really about making change, just as we are.

"Now we're here in the 80s, it's like my suspicions about the 70s have been confirmed. Musicians had to sacrifice a certain dignity to obtain other things. We're just about playing music."

Can he make a good living from good music?

"A decent living. If I wanted to make money, I've had opportunities to do that, commercial things... this music is more profound. I played piano in a couple funk bands, but when I started learning harmony, those guys seemed so limited. And they weren't complicated harmonies at all! So I made the choice for this music."

It's a choice I think we may be grateful for. Blanchard is just one of a rash of proficient, powerful young students of the music, but he has the makings of a future master etched in deep. He spent his teens in the ferocious study which is mandatory for this generation, tutored by Ellis Marsalis and Paul Jeffrey, and began woodshedding with Lionel Hampton's big band for experience. Besides sitting in with the Marsalis-era Messengers. When Wynton left Blakey, Blanchard stepped in. He's now been with them for four years.

One or two of us whispered "the new Wynton!" when we first heard him, but Terence has been shrewd enough to cut the stargazing and get on with the job: music. Is the well-thumbed Blakey book a point of restoration for him?

"No, the arrangements change from night to night. So does the mood of the band, Art's mood. It's more open. The dynamics on a tune change every night - Art might make a press roll, then a crescendo, then we all hit it, then a timbre shot so we all come down... it changes. That's what's great - if you have musicians around you who are in tune to a certain concept, everything's a joy. This band is really starting to get to another level of playing music."

Cursory listening to the band's output might cast doubt on that grand suggestion, but there is something very sophisticated about this edition of Blakey's warrens. Blanchard and alto sax Donald Harrison have a keenness of spirit that sits very well with an ideal of fine-tuning - young professionals who don't want mistakes but still itch to play fast and loose. Capped by the veteran at the kit, that gives these Messengers an unusual excitement: the tension comes from the difficult touches mixing with a music that's meant to get a crowd roaring. The band's albums have been patchy, but the best moments of *Ob - By The Way* and *New York Scene* reach back to the thrilling elegance of the Shorter - Hubbard edition.

On their own records, the pair work a variation of the yin and yang of Branford and Wynton. Different times are sifted through a piece, melodies tend towards the abstract - it's

not casual work, which is why some call it too cerebral. But where the Marsalis signature is a steely, almost forbidding grandeur of design, Blanchard at least can sound modest or even sweet: check the lovely simplicity of "Isn't It So?" from *New York Scene*.

Nor is there much in these discs that's very different from his work with Blakey. Are these things he can't do in the Messengers?

"I can't think of any right now. Art's personality is real strong, so it always sounds like Art Blakey and The Jazz Messengers, but I don't feel any limitation. He's open to anything. The Herbie Hancock tune 'Eye Of The Hurricane', in 5/4 - we hadn't done that in a while, but when the idea came up we went for it. You listen to some of the earliest records, man, you'll hear 7/4, five over four... he's on it."

WHAT DOES THE 'MUSICAL DIRECTOR' DO?

"Heh! Means I'm the one where everything is directed to, that's all. Only thing I do is call rehearsals, make sure everything goes where it's supposed to on the bandstand, and I call the tunes. That's it. You don't need a director in a band like this. Everybody in the band can write, and when you have that, man, that in itself brings it to another level. People who write have a more, uh, aggressive point of view towards contemporary ideas and mixing them with tradition."

Is there a fight to get material in the band's book, with all these writers there?

"No, you just call a rehearsal and go through it. The book is so large that we forget a lot of the tunes and play a lot of the same ones. But we played in Minneapolis for a week, two shows a night, and we didn't repeat one song till the last night. Not one. And I wasn't even thinking about doing that. Guy who ran the club, he heard that one and said, 'Goddam! I expected to hear some new material!'"

Terence allows himself a thorny chuckle. He has an engaging streak of deadpan humour that comes out in playing and bandstand repartee alike. He'd be an asset to any band. Have people tried to poach him?

"It's happened. Not a great deal. People know, man. Once you work with Art Blakey, where else can you go? There's not that many bands working. You see a lot of people coming over with pick-up bands, but the jazz scene on the whole is very sad. Art Blakey, Betty Carter, OTB... I can't name that many."

"After Wynton Marsalis arrived, jazz took on a new life in the sense of the business. People can see that you can really market it. But a lot of promoters are still from the old school. They don't want to spend money on jazz to make money. People should learn from what Columbia did with Wynton. They put money into his career and he's a success story."

Yes, but Columbia have tried it before. They can seem like the worst sort of corporate

dilettante. What happened to Arthur Blythe?

"Yeah, they tried it with Arthur Blythe, but not in the right way. You have to go to the musician first, not what you think they're about. Plus Wynton plays classical music, and this is the sore side that I don't like. He played music which made him more accessible to a wider audience, which I don't think is fair to jazz musicians on the whole. To me that says, OK, this guy is playing classical music so he can play. You don't need to do that."

"Me and Donald, we just signed to Columbia. We've been talking about certain things that have to be done. They see how money can be made in jazz. Now, that's very sad to say, man. They should be promoting it for the greatness of the music that's being played. For the musicians that came before us, like Coltrane and Monk. But there's the racial tensions which are still a part of American society."

WE WAIT TO SEE HOW THEIR NEW CBS album will make its point in the new jazz marketplace. Blanchard's gruff confidence seems unshakable, but how good does he think he is?

"Terrible! I don't know, man. You have to put your ego aside. I tape myself at home and listen to myself - when you work on something and it gets better, it makes you realise you don't have something else together."

Technique is the root of all this, great technique will lead to great expression of feeling. Some have seen this attitude as the mark of a neoclassical movement; but Blanchard begs to differ.

"I think people are hearing it in the wrong way. In the 70s, man, when I look at that period, I can see why people are saying what they're saying now. A lot of those guys let ego creep into their make-up. We're saying, look - we're young guys. We're still learning. Coltrane was 30, 35 when he was making it. But we have to cover the whole thing before we're doing anything, and a lot of those musicians didn't. The people should be saying, give them time to develop."

The trumpeter waxes philosophical.

"We live in a world of instant everything. Fast food. That way of thinking stays in the forefront of people's minds. We're traditionalists in the sense of learning the tradition. But it's not the focal point of what we want to do."

Terence burrows his jacket. Storm warning!

ON RECORD

With Art Blakey: *New York Scene* (Concord)
Ob - By The Way (Timeless)
Blue Night (Timeless)

With Donald Harrison: *New York Second Line* (Concord)

Discussions (Concord)

NOISE:

THE POLITICAL ECONOMY OF MUSIC
by Jacques Attali
(Manchester University Press, £22.50 and
£7.50)

WE CAN CHOOSE NOT TO SEE WE DO SO anyway, quite naturally and spontaneously by the reflex of blinking about a dozen times a minute. We cannot, though, choose not to hear, except by the very rudest act of self-censoring, stuffing fingers in our ears. Our lives, Jacques Attali insists, are dominated less by sight than by sound.

One can almost hear the gleam in his eye. He writes with the hectic impatience of a man who has discovered A Big Idea, a new monad to pit against Marxism's "surplus-value", the Freudian "unconscious", and a whole French philosophical/cultural tradition notoriously dominated by language. Behind *Noise* is a shift of emphasis reminiscent of Roland Barthes' distinction between "lisible" and "scriptible" texts; Attali's world is not visible, but audible.

Noise is an immensely complex book, not easily summarized. It's no coincidence that its author is an economist, working in the Mitterrand government and thus in daily contact with a system that is enacting the death of a whole constellation of political ideologies: communism, socialism, managed capitalism. Perhaps the best strand of the argument for focus is a typically end-of-ideology one, Attali's concern with the relations of music and violence.

Violence, death and sound are closely intertwined. The Sirens' song brings death to the hearer. The Final Judgement announces itself with trumpets. (Rookies learn to scream as they bayonet straw dummies; the Nazis put sirens on their Stukas to mimic the Valkyries.) Death announces itself and noisily prefigures the utter silence that will follow.

The enunciatory, prophetic quality is crucial for the lapsing Marxist. The Founding Fathers of socialism had consigned music to the superstructure, the secondary, "determined" stage of production, overcome by economic relations (Marx, to be fair, had recognized that economically music and musicians presented a unique problem, not readily amenable to materialist theory. Aestheticians since, Marxist or otherwise, have recognized music's unique place between the "hard" sciences and the humanities.) For Attali, this is not the case. Music — or the social and economic relations that govern the ordering of noise into music — prefigure the society of the next, not last, step. The music of the 18th century in his view quite literally generates the political economy of the 19th.

The stages of development he describes are more or less straightforward, drawing on anthropology and consequently stretched

through time. First there is sacrifice, ritualized from literal murder into a priestly, ritual form where music is an essential component of perception. Attali borrows without acknowledgement from the Catholic philosopher Maritain in saying that music is at this early stage indistinguishable from the background of everyday work. It is heard, not listened to, and thus is not quite music in the modern sense, paid for, professional, marketed.

"Noise" in information theory refers to anything that interrupts the signal or message. That message, the exercise of political power, was heralded in the second stage: representation. This involved the professionalization and exception of the musician (a Ulysses who could withstand — and eventually "arrange" — the Sirens' song) and the fatal involvement of money. The 18th-century orchestra and its system of commissions becomes the prototype of the 19th-century state and of industrial economy.

The third stage (familiar from Walter Benjamin) is repetition, where it is possible to reproduce music mechanically — and simultaneously to create individualized "stars" — in such a way that demand is manipulated and "harmony" no longer a political fiat but an accelerating process of commodity production rushing towards dysfunction.

Attali is best when the Marxist bones show through the sparer parts of his argument. He can be maddeningly obscure, cavalier with detail and with logical connections. But he is superb on the history of the relation between music and political/economic power, the rise of 'performance', copyright, royalties.

In popular culture (another good French barometer) modern music plays a strange role and it's untypical of Attali not to look more insistently beyond the bounds of music itself. In the popular mind, modern music emerges, very accurately, as a form of violence. In *Barlameila*, Bach's organ dispenses violent orgasm (Kafka's torture machine had been half typewriter, half piano). In a hundred spy films, music brainwashes or tortures. In *Lapitch*, a vicious rape is prompted and soundtrack by a recorded cut-up of synthesized street-noise. The rapist, predictably, is the "composer".

There is a final stage in Attali's progression, a utopian step into "composition" (a term he uses with specialized emphasis). This is the state, yet to be achieved, in which every individual will make his or her own music in a free and decentralized society and economy. Lineaments of that freedom, though not yet its expression, are to be found in the free jazz of the 1970s (though Attali's version of the movement is suspect). There is a rupture in contemporary music, marked by *Silence* and "Satisfaction", Cage's, the Stones', "the herald



"Will you accept a chequer mate?"
Ronnin has a board meeting with Drizz.

of another kind of music, a mode of production outside repetition, after having failed as a takeover of power in repetitive society".

Messiaen saw the Apocalypse in colours and expressed them in tones and microtones. Anything but words. Attali traces music's descent into and escape from language. *Noise* is typically French, half-Marxist, half-Catholic, both brilliant and muddled, infuriating and ultimately convincing. Like a piece of music, it can't be reduced and deserves to be read, listened to with the mind.

Brian Morton

LET'S JOIN HANDS AND CONTACT THE LIVING

by John Fordham (Elm Tree, £6.95).

FOR 27 YEARS, JAZZ IN BRITAIN AND British jazz alike seems to have found its focal point in Ronnie Scott's Club. Today it's an expensive place for a night out, unless you're a member and you don't drink, and it's as much a tourist spot as a meeting place for indigenous fans. It can feature musicians whose 'jazz'



connections are tenuous. But Ronnie's is still the model for what our mythology defines as a jazz club – and its continued survival is a little miracle, as John Fordham's book about the man and the establishment makes clear.

Scott's story is a fantastical mixture of nerve, determination, bloody-mindedness and sheer luck. His years as a young Jewish boy, a family favourite and aspiring musician come across with all the trimmings of local anecdotes. He grew up in a tough east end world, but the overriding impression is of gentle people acting hard. The war years, with the teenage Scott learning his trade in pot bands and then the Ted Heath orchestra, act as a prelude to the discovery of bebop: the mad excitement engendered by Bird, the first visits to New York, working the *Quint Mary*, the establishment of Club Eleven. This is some of the best of the book, making sense of an era that can only exist in musicians' memories. And there are some thrilling memories, like John Dankworth lending his alto to Parker and getting the instrument back "transformed".

The 50s find it all on a slow decline with the

rise of rock'n'roll, but the founding of the Club in 1959 gives the book its second subject.

From here it's mostly a stream of good stories about the premises and the players. There are some rare insights into Rollins, Zoot, Rahsaan and Webster, as well as Stan Tracey and the mature tenorman Scott. It's also a painful account of an enterprise always one bill away from disaster and, given his personal reticence, a surprisingly frank memoir of Ronnie's romantic problems.

Sounds like a monster, but the book is slim, and it's smoothly put together. The patch of Fordham's writing is a little dry: it suits the Scott one-liners, but there's a slightly maudlin streak to some of what's essentially clear reporting. And because the book's brief, it skimps on details: figures like Denis Rose, Tommy Pollard and Tubby Hayes appear and disappear rather too quickly. Even Pete King, Ronnie's erstwhile partner, is a little shadowy. Fordham seems uncertain how to balance the story between Scott and the scene he worked in, and after the early chapters the book gallops to its close. The links between jazz and

British class warfare have yet to be fully explored in a book: Fordham similarly leaves the trail open, although Scott's background makes him a key figure in the issue.

Still, as a light and exceptionally readable account of a fairly amazing life, it's vivid, pungent – even triumphant, considering how notoriously private its subject. It's also, of course, extremely funny.

Richard Cook

THE LIFE AND DEATH OF A SMALL MAGAZINE: MODERN MUSIC 1924 – 1946

by Minna Lederman

(Institute for Studies in American Music (ISAM Monograph no 18), City University of New York, Brooklyn NY 11210)

ONE OF THE FEATURES OF MODERN MUSIC that separates it from the past is the extent to which it is written about, not just by reviewers and critics, but by the creators as well. We have Beethoven's memoirs, essays by Busoni and Debussy, but it seems all but inconceivable to us that Mozart and Beethoven should have written other than casually about their compositions.

The composer-author is somehow a very American phenomenon. From Charles Ives's essay "Before A Sonata" to Braxton's polysyllabic composition notes, there is a well-established genre of commentary by practitioners.

In very large part, this is down to the editorial work and encouragement of Minna Lederman who, from 1924 until the end of the war, edited the small magazine *Modern Music*. Originally *The League Of Composers' Review*, the magazine set out to provide a "verbal vehicle for musical creators and their friends to convey information, ideas, values, encouragement, standards, opinions, fears and hopes to an informed but generalised audience", not at all the same sort of thing as a conventional music review.

The meat of the book – and a first sign of Lederman's admirable modesty – comes in the gobblets of quotation; from Virgil Thompson, Aaron Copland, Roger Sessions, composer-novelist Paul Bowles, Brecht, Schoenberg and Bartok. These pages are to music what the famous *Pari Review* interviews have been to poetry and the novel. Such horse's-mouth comment is worth twice the bulk of academic analysis. It's only to be hoped that someone has plans in hand to produce a generous anthology.

Brian Morton



FIRES

arts/culture/politics

ARTS
AGITPROP
FILM
PAINTING
ARCHITECTURE
CARTOONS
BOOKS
MUSIC
SCULPTURE
TELEVISION
DANCE
VIDEO
FASHION
ADVERTISING
PERFORMANCE
POLITICS
POETRY
COMMUNITY ART
MAGAZINES
PUBLISHING
REVIEWS
CRITICISM
EDUCATION
INFORMATION
PHOTOGRAPHY
THEATRE
CULTURE
& MORE!!

The first ever issue of **FIRES** will be out in May and will feature Ben Zephram - GLC abolition and the Arts, literary life in Beirut, British poetry since the war, Norman Mailer, Kim Kiff comics, punk, Neoclassical folk singer Carlos Mena Godoy and dancer Rowland Abiodun White and more.

BURNING ISSUES!

PLUS: News reviews and comment. From film, food and fashion through to punk, politics and painting - **FIRES** will be opening up debates reporting on issues and people - and giving information.

COMING UP!

In the next few issues we'll be looking at women photographers, food design, Arts in the Third World, mural painting, women's science fiction, artsp and CND, videos and art more...

LOOK OUT FOR FIRES!

FIRES will be available in bookshops from May but if you have any trouble getting hold of a copy just send us a cheque or postal order for £2.00 (please payable to Fires Publishing) and we'll rush you a copy of our first tabling issue (if better still, subscribe!).

Ronnie Scott
and His Club

Let's Join Hands and Contact The Living

John Fordham

This is a story about London from the 1940s to the present day and the young saxophonist who went on to establish London's first modern jazz club
— Ronnie Scott.

'Seriously folks, this is a splendid biography... a chronology and lexicon of British and American jazz musicians, from those who became famous like Ted Heath etc... to the prophets who died unsung like Denis Rose,'
Spike Milligan

John Fordham is jazz correspondent for the *Guardian* and editor of City Limits.

► Come and meet the author who will be signing copies at The Quartet Bookshop at 5.30 pm on Thursday 3 July

pb £6.95

ELM TREE BOOKS

For further details contact:

THE QUARTET BOOKSHOP

Southwark, 45 St Paul Street
London SE1 1LQ. Tel 01 41 47 409

Jazzwise Publications

We are mail-order specialists, supplying direct to musicians the very best available materials for study and practice in the field of jazz music.

We stock the entire of JAMEY AEBERSOLD PLAY-A-LONG recordbook sets - used by thousands of jazz musicians throughout the world, from beginners to leading professionals including Lee Konitz, Ruffo Reid, David Liebman, Art Farmer, Michael Brecker, Horace Silver, Benny Golson and many others.

Latest issues:

- | | |
|--|-------|
| Vol.35 CEDAR WALTON | £ |
| Cold's Blues, Bittersweet, Chickadee, Firm Roots, Maestro Fantasy in D, Midnight Waltz, Hand in Glove, Open de Rejo (Cedar Walton - piano; Ron Carter - bass, Billy Higgins - drums) | |
| Vol.36 BEBOP AND BEYOND | 11.99 |
| Lullaby, Prince Albert, Ruby my Dear, Roy's Idea, Freight Train, Robbin' Nite, Theme for Ernie, I Mean You (Roswell Roshell - piano, Ray Drummond - bass, Morris Smith - drums) | |
| Vol.37 SAMMY NESTICO | 11.99 |
| Switch in Time, Hay Berber, Biscuit - Straight Ahead, Warm Breeze, 30 Base Street, Somewhere, Wind Machine, Lonely Street, Via Gesù Try (Don Harris - piano, Todd Cookson - bass, Ed Soph - drums) | |

Also available: many excellent jazz educational books, transcribed solos and instrumental solos, including:

THE WORLD'S GREATEST FAKE BOOK

Chuck Sher's mammoth (and legal!) 485-page compendium of compositions by Abernathy, Adair, Cables, Collins, Corea, Davis, Delphy, Evans, Fischer, Gillespie, Gordon, Haden, Hall, Hutchinson, Hubbard, Liebman, Lott, Mingus, Montgomery, Parker, Paterson, Roney, Roshell, Scofield, Slesinger, Zawinul and many more. INDISPENSABLE FOR THE JAZZ MUSICIAN 25.00

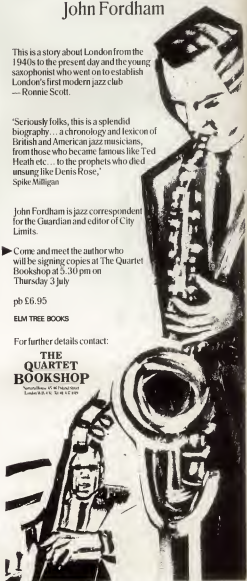
THE LYDIAN CHROMATIC CONCEPT OF TONAL ORGANISATION - GEORGE RUSSELL 24.00

Please add 10% for postage. Orders over £40 post free.

Send for our full catalogue now.

JAZZWISE PUBLICATIONS

13 Frouber Road, London W17 8UE Tel: (01) 767 2213



SWEET HONEY IN THE ROCK DEEP SOUL AND HIGH GOSPEL

BY NICK KIMBERLEY

FOR A GROUP TO hold its audience enthralled through a two-and-a-half hour concert is no mean achievement. To do it by singing unaccompanied is rare indeed. When all that is managed by a group singing songs about apartheid, the nuclear threat, and violence against women, then we know we're in the presence of something unique. The group in question is Sweet Honey In The Rock, an ensemble of black women singers who, in a career lasting 15 years, through many personnel changes, have married radical politics with a thrilling vocal expertise.

Sweet Honey was in London recently, performing at the Shaw Theatre as part of the Camden Festival. Their audiences had that rare, almost religious feeling, aided by the Shaw's intimate size, of sharing a deeply personal commitment to the group and its political will. There was an ecstatic eagerness to be part of the occasion. Yet Sweet Honey indulges in none of the traditional crowd-pleasing mannerisms: no calls to "Clap hands, everybody!", no decibel overkill, no extravagant stage presence. The rapport is established first by breathtaking vocal expertise, then by political involvement. Even the most politically indifferent cannot avoid being moved.

Sweet Honey In The Rock was formed in 1973 as part of a black theatre group in Washington, DC. Bernice Johnson Reagon was the troupe's vocal coach, some of her trainees wanted to sing, and Sweet Honey grew out of that desire. Reagon has been a constant presence, other members have joined and left, but always bringing new repertoire, different insights. Initially there was no necessary commitment to an all-women group; it simply happened that way. Now that has become



Sweet Honey's strength, a major part of its appeal to audiences: at the Shaw Theatre, a man emerged from the wings at the end of the show to give the audience unnecessary encouragement to applaud. He was almost booed offstage.

I TALKED TO SWEET HONEY'S YSAYE MARIA Barnwell, possessor of a stunningly resonant bass voice which is the focus for much of the act. When I asked whether it was a musical or political impetus around which the group coalesced, she explained, "A musical interest brought us together, but it's a feature of black life, inherited from African cultures, that there is not necessarily a separation between the spiritual, the artistic and the political. Life is an integral package which doesn't come divided up."

So what in other hands might come across as sloganeering becomes a shared experience, of anger and joy together. The group has an avowed didactic purpose: their shows teach audiences, black and white, female and male, about political struggle, musical history and how the two intertwine. Barnwell elaborates: "We have a mission to preserve. It's important to tell people about what we sing, who wrote it.

You look at composer credits on records, it often says 'Public Domain' or 'Anonymous' — but some of these people are still alive, they never got credit."

This is particularly true with many of the gospel songs which are central to the group's act. Gospel is often seen as politically acquiescent, preferring spiritual reward in the next life to material improvement in this. Ysaye disagrees:

"Gospel songs and spirituals are not strictly sacred — we find them *political*." But she is wary of ascribing political omnipotence to Christianity: "Christianity as a political weapon? On whose side?" she says vehemently, firing me with a stare which demands to know whose side I'm on.

A Sweet Honey concert or record is no dry political lecture or musical demonstration. Their vocal exuberance and expertise have the power to move, to tears, to laughter, and to anger. Woody Guthrie's "I've Got To Know", performed in the deep soul style of The Staple Singers, achieves an emotional depth not equaled since Mavis Staple herself strutted the Royal Festival Hall stage over a decade ago. Potently, the group's show mixes their own songs, gospel, authentically performed African funeral chants, white folk protest, wordless bebop vocalese and blues staccato. It is unlike any other show you'll ever see. Their records, lacking the intimacy of stage performances, compensate with an even more finely honed vocal expertise. Sweet Honey In The Rock are an invaluable expansion of the twinned black traditions of grassroots political activity and musical commitment.

ART PEPPER

I WANT TO PLAY SO BAD

A YEAR BEFORE HIS DEATH IN 1982, THE GREAT ALTMAN MET AND TALKED WITH AUSTRALIAN WRITER DAVID NICHOLSON PEPPERELL - ABOUT HIS ATTITUDE TO PLAYING JAZZ AND THE THINGS HE WAS TRYING TO DO WITH HIS MUSIC. WIRE IS PLEASED TO PRINT THIS INTERVIEW IN BRITAIN FOR THE FIRST TIME.

I MET WITH ART PEPPER DURING HIS FIRST (and only) Australian tour in August 1981. The hotel he was staying at, the Diplomat in St Kilda (which is right in the middle of the closest thing Melbourne has to a Red Light district), is much beloved of travelling rock bands and its chintzy sleaziness seems to make most weary travelling musicians feel right at home. He was booked into Mr Ward's Jazz Nitespot, following Joe Henderson, had performed live on TV and had been featured heavily on the talk and variety shows. All in all the tour was going brilliantly and rightly so, for he was playing probably the best he had ever played in his chequered career.

On first seeing him I noticed the obvious fragility of his health. His skin was pale, his stomach had become paunchy, he was nervous and smoked and drank constantly through the interview. However, despite his tendency to ramble, he was lucid, thoughtful, entertaining and most of all charming. You could see underneath all the years in prison and hard times the beautiful youth who captivated men and women alike as much with his personality as his playing in the 50s.

His autobiography *Straight Life* had just been published in the USA and Europe to rave reviews and I could see that this was a source of great pride to him. He now saw himself as not only an amiable horn player but as an articulate speaker and writer as well and throughout our talk he answered all my questions at length and in detail. I was struck the most by the thought that what crazy kind of system would lock this gentle, brilliantly talented man up in hell holes of prisons for such long periods; and yet, as he said in the interview, each man grows by what he does and how he lives. Art Pepper was a man who grew - as an artist, a thinker and a profound human being.

Richie Cole and he played with the singer Eddie Jefferson a lot. I was wondering if you liked playing with singers and if there's any singers you especially like? I do remember your famous solo with June Christy...

AP: Oh yeah, "How High The Moon", that arrangement was written by Neal Heftis. Yeah, I always loved singers and I always liked playing with them - one of my favourite records is *The Genius Of Ray Charles* 'cause all of one side has the ballads like "Don't Let The Sun Catch You Crying", incredible (hums a few bars) as you can see as a singer, boy (laughs) I really do love singers though - I did a thing on an album called *No Limit* that Roberta Flack did called "The Ballad Of The Sad Young Men" - I wanted to play it exactly the way she sang it and it's really hard to do - it being such a great ballad and her phrasing being so beautiful. I was able to more or less analyse what was happening with her - she's a great musician - she knows changes and she has a beautiful feel, like Ray Charles. I love Aretha Franklin, Barbra Streisand - this movie *The Eyes Of Laura Mars* has a theme and I've used it on my ballad album called *Winter Moon* - it's a tune called "Prisoner" - at the end of the film Barbra Streisand sings it again but this time she, like, stretches out and it knocked me out so much that I did that record. So, sure, I love singers and it's funny but I don't know the words to any song, even one. Well, maybe "America The Beautiful" - no, I don't even know that. My wife, though, she knows the words to all kinds of songs, she can sing any song I like write, y'know, sometimes I can't remember the bridge of a tune and she sings it to me. I love singers, but not their words - it's the sound, like, I try and play as if I was a singer, that's when I'm playing a ballad. That's why I don't like to play double time - they started doing that in bebop, rhythm section would go into double

time...

Don't you play "Straight Life" in double time?

No, that's just an old tune sped up. Isn't it "All The Things You Are"?

No it's... that's incredible, I just can't think of the name of that song right now - anyhow I try to play the alto like as if I was a singer. Really, though, I like all different kinds of music - I love classical music, I like some (Country and) Western music, I like rhythm and blues, rock, real hard rock. I mean when I was with Buddy Rich's band we played in New York in the Basin Street and it was in the Village and we played opposite Steppenwolf 'round 68, sometimes like that. Boy, the sound that they got. Like, being in the dressing room, it was in this gigantic theatre, steel, it reminded me of being in jail, and there was concrete. They were so loud, man, the whole theatre vibrated, this was the metal and the cement vibrating. I don't know if it's in my mind but no, you could feel it, you could feel the thing. The luggage that they had, they had about twice, even three times as much as Buddy Rich's whole band - they had these gigantic amplifiers and things - but I could see what they were getting at, it was very exciting.

You liked their tunes then, their music?

Yeah, I liked what they were playing - certain things I didn't like but certain things I did just like any kinda music, y'know. Like I like very little jazz - I'm more critical of jazz than I am of other music - unless I feel that I'm gonna learn something from it or unless it's really good - yeah, I like almost anything. The only thing I don't like is operetta, light comedy or whatever it is they call it. I keep myself open, y'know. There's a lotta guys that won't listen to anything unless it's really up to their standard. They really don't open their ears, and if you do that you lose a lot. I've played with a lot of different groups. I love



Art in his class: Contemporary period

Latin music. I played with Rene Tazeth, a piano player, really a great band. Johnny Mandel was in the band – he wrote "Shadow Of Your Smile" and he was playing bass trumpet as well as writing charts for us. And instead of the drums he used timbales...

IS THERE A CERTAIN EFFECT YOU LOOK FOR WHEN YOU'RE WRITING A SONG?

What I do a lot of times, on *Winter Music* for example, I wanted to write one of the songs to be a new ballad 'cause I've written quite a few ballads and I've got a few that I haven't recorded. I wanted it to be like a love ballad with my wife – for us, and then to the other people that would be listening. We call it "Our Song" so I wrote it with that idea in mind. I wanted it to be real beautiful, like it was a love-type beauty and also with a little sadness. But the main thing was the beauty.

So I sat down to write it and the first eight bars – see, I never studied composition or arranging or anything like that so with me, I just write from my head, I mean I would just sit down right now and start writing and I can hear what I'm writing because of playing so much I'm able to finger the sound in my mind like I just have a kind of pulse. I was in prison so much I developed that thing of playing in my mind, fingering even though I wouldn't be moving my fingers and I could feel this little thing that comes out, kind of electrical-type force. If I make a mistake I stop – you're able to do that kind of thing in practice. Sometimes when I'm going to sleep I'll start thinking of a particular song that I heard or something – that was the way I practised for some time without a horn and so the writing is the same idea, I don't know exactly what's happening, like the rules and all that, so I just write from off the top and that song I wanted to be a certain thing and I wrote it in that way. The first eight bars came out like lightning but the

rest of it took me a long long time to write and I was just sitting around saying, I gotta finish it – and nothing would happen. Finally after Bill Holman wrote four of the arrangements on *Winter Music* and Jimmy Bond wrote three – I didn't have any choice in the matter, which is a whole other thing about record companies.

"I DON'T KNOW THE WORDS TO ANY SONG. MAYBE 'AMERICA THE BEAUTIFUL' – NO, I DON'T EVEN KNOW THAT."

At the beginning I wrote songs and I used the chords of songs I liked to write new ones. The first writing I wrote was from the blues tunes – that is jazz, that's the bottom. A lot of cars don't make it as great players because they don't have that foundation in the blues. If you have that you can build out that like Coltrane – that basic feeling like George Cables has even though he was a classical player when he was young. He has that basic feel of the blues, that indescribable thing – like anything he plays, especially a slow blues which we'll have to play tonight, the way he does it, well, that's it and that's what I have and there's no telling where it comes from.

But there's a tension between you because he was classically trained and you were not, but you can play together because of the blues which you both have in common. Yes, it's that basic thing. The piano player that I was using – Mulcho Leviev – he's a great piano player but he's a classical player, that's

his thing, and he's from Bulgaria so he didn't have that thing, you know. So playing with him was great for me as far as technically and different... mechanically.

It would have made you think a lot playing with such a technical player – you'd have to keep up with what he was doing.

Yeah that's what he had – I remember once we were in Germany in this beautiful hall with this incredible sound, well, they really have a thing for technical aspects of sound and this place was really beautiful. He sat down at the piano and he just started playing a thing by Bartok and y'know the people that were there, like just a couple people from the bookers and people there for interviews and the people who run the hall – they were flabbergasted, they just couldn't believe it. He can sit down and play "Daphnis And Chloe" by Ravel, like, certain little sections of it that I really like and all of a sudden I found that we had reached a certain impasse and there was just nothing happening any more. He was just playing trills and just – I had to tell him everything. I wanted and he would get mad – at first he used to listen to me but after a while he would get angry because he thought I was trying to destroy his thing and I didn't want him to live or to grow – he said, "I want to grow" and I said, "Well I'm afraid you're going to have to grow someplace else!" (laughs)

He had to go. Yeah, but I really like him and he's a great musician but then I started playing continuously with George Cables – we went to Japan together with the rhythm section on the album *Landscapes*. I read an interesting interview with you by the *Rolling Stone* writer Grover Lewis when you were working at a bakery and not playing music at all – you claimed that the guy who ran the place was ripping you off...

Yeah, well, I was getting ten dollars a week and I kept the books, paid people, the whole thing and I worked from early. You get up at four o'clock in the morning, working, getting stuff ready to ship out, cutting these things of cake and it's hard to cut. And for all of that I got room and board and ten dollars a week – this was in 1972 – and this guy wrote the article and my wife nearly had a nervous breakdown, because she has a child, a daughter and her ex-husband had the custody – and the way the guy wrote the article it looked as if she was using heroin herself. The guy had her saying in the article: "Whatever he's doing I'll join him" – it was like she was using too. Then my third wife, she was really crazed, her name was Daphne. Her father was a cop, one of her brothers was an electronics whiz and, like, an alcoholic, and her other brother was an armed robber with violence and a junkie and that's how I happened to meet her – and the article said that she was a night person or a lady of the night or whatever, so her brother rang me up and threatened me because it made her sound, you know, like (laughs) and this guy had been up for forcible rape and armed robbery and he's calling me up and saying it's bad for their name (laughs).

I only agreed actually to do this interview because of Eve Babitz the writer who is my wife's cousin. This guy from *Rolling Stone* was a friend of hers – I didn't want to do the interview because I wasn't going to play music any more. So anyhow this guy comes out and does the interview and says don't worry about a thing and a week or so later he rings me up and he's crying and I thought, Oh my God, and he's saying I'm sorry and I'm thinking Oh Jesus God what did he do and so this is before the paper had even come out he was, like, apologising and I thought if it's that bad the way he's crying it must really be bad. What had happened was that he had seen the proof copy of the article – he must not have typed up

his own tape – and realised what it actually said and he had made a promise that what was said would have nothing to do with anything about my wife. But at any rate her brother's dead and I fail to have any feeling for him – I'm kinda glad he is dead 'cause that way I don't have to worry about him any more . . . later on that same paper that that writer worked for wanted to publish our book (*Straight Life*) and Laurie said 'No way, no way'.

WHAT'S YOUR PHILOSOPHY ABOUT playing music?

Well I think that you have to realise and find out as soon as possible whether there's any point in your playing, I mean trying to be a soloist, you mean a jazz player?

Yes.

Hmmmm, I've given a lot of lessons over different periods, I've enjoyed giving the lessons but the reason I don't do it any more is because the guys who come for lessons, I tell them the truth. If I don't think they've got it I tell them or if they do have it I tell them that but they seem to think, well, they have this kind of lost look and I keep trying to find out what it is, why they look that way and I finally pinned down one guy and I found out that they think I have some kind of special thing that I'm not telling them 'cause I don't want them to know the secret, I'm jealous or whatever, and I'm worried that they might rube my gig. Like, there's a certain way to hold the ball if you're a baseball pitcher for a screw ball and I know of something like this for saxophone and if I would tell them, that, you hold it this way or that way . . . and you know they really feel that. So after I found out that from this one guy, grudgingly he told me, so then I started asking the other people and once I asked that question I could tell that that was it because they got all kind of flustered.

But, y'know, there isn't any secret, it's just

that you're born with it, you're born with that feeling to be a jazz player I think. I think there's a lot of people who are born to be jazz players and don't play jazz. I think the hardest thing in life is to find out what you really feel is the thing that you can do best. In my own case I was very fortunate because when I was young and I would pass a music store I would get very excited at how pretty the instruments were and I wanted to play them because they were so pretty. My mother's side of the family – she's Italian and her whole family played music – her aunt and uncle played and one of the kids was named Gabor and he played trumpet on the radio and he had this real long, you know the full long trumpet, the classical trumpet and he had his little knuckers on and this black curly hair with a little kind of a cravat and so I fell in love with the whole thing of being a musician.

You've said in other interviews that the intensity of your drive to play, the drive to get everything there was out of yourself in your playing was one of the main reasons for your excessive habits in life. Is that still the same now or are you more fulfilled at this present time?

Yeah I certainly feel much more fulfilled – like, the thing of playing, to really feel that that's what it is; once I started taking lessons on the clarinet I used to just play by ear and I finally found out that that was what jazz was, just playing. There's so many people that they want to be a jazz soloist but they're not made, it just isn't there, it's a certain something. With me it's like a fight to the death, I mean I want to play so bad, I want to play, I want people to really dig what I'm doing. So the thing is as far as playing, is to be honest. I try to play without doing any tricks y'know, playing little nursery rhymes and things like that, to really try to create something different. To really be a true jazz soloist every solo should be different even though I guess that's

A R T P E P P E R



impossible – but the more you play and the more living that you do, I really believe that what happens to you in your life adds to what you're doing.

I thought at one time that at a certain point you weren't able to create any more, that you didn't grow any more musically as a jazz soloist and I was under the impression that when you were about 30 that was the end of your growing and then from then on you just played a certain way. Now, though, I've found out that that isn't so – a lot of people who are playing now are in their 50s, and a lot of people who would be in their 50s if they were still playing, like Bird, and there are so many people who are still there like Dizzy and they are still growing all the time – so once I realised that, that I could keep growing as far as what I had to say, once I realised that I could continue doing that, that lifted this tremendous weight. I wasn't afraid any more that it was all over, to where I would have to regret the years in prison. But I believe that whenever you go through, that builds, it's like a thing that you're building, it's like learning words if you're a writer. People playing ballads – that's the mark of a real jazz player because there's so few people who can really play ballads. That to me is really the bottom line as being a jazz player is if you can play a ballad and play the blues at whatever speed.

IS THAT WHY YOU PLAY ALTO SAXOPHONE and clarinet which sound like the human voice rather than tenor sax which seems to have more of a voice of its own? Well, tenor is very easy, when I play tenor I can sound better easier than I can sound better on alto because alto is so hard to get a good tone on – just to play it, the technical aspects of playing alto the clarinet is almost impossible, that's really hard – so the only reason I started playing clarinet again was so

many people have asked me about the clarinet, especially in Japan.

All these things have happened to me in the last few years, the thing of being accepted, playing in clubs, going to Europe, going to Japan, I'm going to Japan in November and that will be the fifth time, they keep asking me back, they are just marvellous there and they were asking me how come I don't play the clarinet any more. 'Cause I did a couple of things, I did a thing with Henry Mancini called "Convoy" where I played clarinet on the album and I have a lot of solos. And then I did a thing with Barney Kessel, *Some Like It Hot* from that movie and I played 'A' clarinet rather than 'B' flut' and the sound is much deeper, it's really a nice instrument. Anyhow they kept asking me about clarinet and when I was a kid I loved Artie Shaw. But the way the sound has gone, you can't hear the sound in a club, it's very loud there and in order to play the clarinet it's got to be quiet and rhythm sections have to play quieter and rhythm sections wouldn't do that.

**"I THINK THERE'S A LOT
OF PEOPLE WHO ARE
BORN TO BE JAZZ
PLAYERS AND DON'T
PLAY JAZZ."**

I had this friend from when I was a kid, well he's just gone to jail for 25 years for conspiracy, it's just ridiculous, and friends are very rare. As a friend I can go to him and say, "Man I'm in trouble" and the guy, whatever it takes he'll do it for you. That's what I think of when I think of a friend, so I'm kind of a recluse. I

don't have any friends really. Anyhow I'd say "How did I sound that time" and he kept saying "Wellllllll, uh" – so everybody put me down. We made this record just

recently before we came to Australia, the weekend before, we recorded Thursday Friday and Saturday live at a place called the Maiden Voyage in Los Angeles. I played clarinet. I played "Begin The Beguine" the first two nights and we were to the third night and nothing had happened right and Laurie said, "Look, just burn the thing" (laughs) "don't try it again" and I knew she was right so I started thinking and I realised that – clarinet, it should be something happy, something that is swinging but real happy and easy and pleasant and I started thinking of something happy. And I thought of "When You're Smiling" so I ran through that the day before we were doing the gig and it went OK – and I was real happy about that because otherwise it would have been a defeat, a real failure, 'cause it would have been a challenge that I couldn't meet, would have been one of the only ones I faced and didn't make, didn't win. So it was really a life and death thing to me. I ran through "When You're Smiling" at home and Laurie was taking a shower and she said "What was that?" and I said, "that was 'When You're Smiling'" and she said, "Well, why don't you try that?"

So we went down and I told the people that this was my last chance and that if this doesn't happen I'm never gonna play clarinet again and so I started playing "When You're Smiling" and it came out really good and it sounded like I really knew everything that I, well I was able to play what I wanted to play on it, which was amazing. The drummer, Carl Burnett, said, "Well, you are gonna have a lot of cars trying to play the clarinet when they hear what you are doing on this record."

So that was like conquering something, to

Special Guest	LIONEL HAMPTON
RAY BARRETTO	LARRY CORVELL + BIRELI LAUREN
PIA BECK	PIERRE COURBOIS
BHASKARA '86	JOHNNY COPELAND
ART BLAKEY	3 CUBAN BANDS: ARTURO SANDOVAL LOS VAM VAM ORUPO PROYECTO
CARLA BLEY	MILES DAVIS
ANTHONY BRAXTON	DUTCH SWING COLLEGE BAND WARREN VACHE SCOTT HAMILTON
RANDY BRECKER	BILLY ECKSTINE
WILLEM BREUKER	GIL EVANS
CLARENCE 'GATEMOUTH' BROWN	SONNY FORTUNE
RAY BROWN	CHICO FREEMAN
BILLY BUTTERFIELD	JOHNNY GRIFFIN + JAMES MOODY
PAUL BUTTERFIELD	BUDDY GUY + JUNIOR WELLS
RAY CHARLES	HERBIE HANCOCK BRANFORD MARSHALL AL FOSTER RON CARTER
DOC CHEATHAM	JON HENDRICKS & CO.
CHEVALIERS R + B SHOW	CHRIS HINZE
DON CHERRY	JASPER VAN 'T HOF
STANLEY CLARKE	PAUL HORN DAVID FRIESEN
RICHIE COLE	GEORGE HOWARD
MAX COLLIE KEN COLYER + CY LAURIE	PEANUTS HUCKO

'BIRD' WINNERS 1986
will perform live at the JVC
DAVID MURRAY
with his own Quartet as
well as with the WORLD
SAXOPHONE QUARTET
MARTIAL SOLAL
the 'Wizard of Improvisation'
from France
REIN DE GRAAFF
pianist from Holland, performing
also with HANK
MOSELEY, DAVE PIKE and
LOUI GARR.
The International Jazz Price
BIRD (named after Charlie
Parker's nickname) is awarded
to musicians who made a
notable contribution to
the development of jazz,
especially in the past 10
years. Last years winners
were Miles Davis, Albert
Margulies, Han Bennink
and John Engels.

AL JARREAU (with reservations)	ROSE MURPHY
HANK JONES	NEVILLE BROTHERS
STANLEY JORDAN	'FATHEAD' NEWMAN

11-12-13 JULI 1986

CONGRESOLBOUW

LE PAVILLON CENTRI

NORTH SEA JAZZ Festival

DEN HAAG

co-sponsored by

JVC

KOINONIA	JAMES NEWTON	WAYNE SHORTER
LEE KONITZ	'BIG NICK' NICHOLAS	SPECIAL EF-X
HUMPHREY LYTTLETON BAND + HELEN SHAPIRO	NIGHTHAWKS	SPYRO GYRA
MAHAVISHNU ORCHESTRA	OLYMPIA BRASS BAND from New Orleans	DAKOTA STATON
ADAM MAKOWICZ	LUIS PERICO ORTIZ	CLARK TERRY
TANIA MARIA	JIMMY OWENS	STANLEY TURRENTINE
GEORGE MASSO	MICHEL PETRUCCIANI + JIM HALL	McCOY TYNER TRIO + guests: Freddie Hubbard/ Woody Shaw/Joe Henderson
JOHN MAYALL	FLIP PHILLIPS	JAMES 'BLOOD' ULMER
CARMEN McRAE	RITA REYS TRIO PIM JACOBS	WALL STREET CRASH
JAY McSHANN	BUDDY RICH	BENNIE WALLACE
HELEN MERRILL	PAQUITO D'RIVERA	GEORGE WALLINGTON
METROPOLE ORCHESTRA 52 musicians, Cond. Regier van Oortle	SCOTT ROBINSON 'MULTIPLE INSTRUMENTS'	BOB WILBER BIG BAND
ROSE MURPHY	OTIS RUSH	JOE ZAWINUL of WEATHER REPORT presents WEATHER UPDATE with JOHN SCOFIELD
NEVILLE BROTHERS	GEORGE SHEARING	
DAVID 'FATHEAD' NEWMAN	and many more artists: see brochure !	

and many more artists: see brochure !

All above artists perform LIVE! Moreover, the JVC NORTH SEA JAZZ FESTIVAL 1986 presents a Jazz Film Festival, Jazz Exhibition, Jazz Shopping Centre, Jazz Video Shows - etc. plus Fully-Licensed Bars, Snackbars, Restaurants. Ask for FREE BROCHURE (with full program, time table, information on prices, hotels, restaurants, etc.) CALL TO HOLLAND: 70-54 29 58 OR TELEX: 33425 Address: P.O. Box 6719, 2300 DR The Hague/Holland. Program subject to change.

A R T P E P P E R

me, like, playing is to be totally honest and try to create something new and not just doing something because people will clap. Like so many musicians play just for the applause. I play for applause too but not to where what I'm doing to get the applause is destroying my thing. That isn't playing, so many musicians do that. They play little nursery rhymes.

You read in the paper that so-and-so died of a heart attack, I read the obituary columns to see the ages of the people that die (laughs) and when I see that, you're more — it's not that it's going to happen but your chances are really increased. So whenever I play I feel that it may be the last time I've ever gonna play and I wanna really go out playing. So whenever I play it's really a challenge and I try to play as well as I can. So far, things have worked out pretty well.

**ART PEPPER ON RECORD:
A SURVEY BY RICHARD COOK**

AS EARLY AS 1952 (*DISCOVERIES*, SAVOY RCA), Art Pepper had crafted a fully individual voice out of the passage of bebop and big band section work. Those early small group dates already have Pepper speaking in his distinctive, mature method: his alto tone is soft but slightly acid, and although notes have feathered edges his phrases make a clear silhouette against the rhythm. Improvisations like "Suzie The Poodle" work to a hectic timetable in which Pepper still manages to create rests and surprising twists.

This wasn't quite the same as the easy-going facility of many of his West Coast compadres, although it was that sort of company which Pepper kept when he had the chance to record in the 50s. He is on Sherry Rogers' famous *Cool And Crazy* sessions (RCA) and plays an excellent tenor solo on "Sweetheart Of Sigmund Freud", among a multitude of other appearances, a tremendous date with Carl Perkins (*Owaga Alpha*, Liberty) and a steady one with Chet Baker (*Playboy*, Boplicity) stand out. He made some strong sides for World Pacific and plenty of Hollywood studio

dates: nine-to-five pro work, a lot of it, but Pepper always sounded serious. Some of his fills and 16-bar footnotes on vocal sessions lift the whole record.

The six albums for Contemporary under his own name are a powerhouse of great music. Many show a jazzman under duress: *Meet The Rhythm Section* was recorded blind, Art unfamiliar with players or material, and is a marvel of off-the-cuff intensity. *The Way It Was* collects scraps from the other dates, plus a few tracks with Warne Marsh. On Lester Young's "Tackle Toe" they dovetail even better than the Konitz-Marsh team. But it's Pepper's spellbinding treatment of "What's New" that stands out. At a crawling tempo, the alto breaks in over the four bar intro and proceeds to make complete emotional desolation sound like capture: the closing phrase is a tragic farewell.

Some of *Intensity* is of a similar order. A surprisingly brittle "Gone With The Wind" precedes "I Wished On The Moon", where the melody is almost shattered by the alto's exact ferocity. *Swack Up* has material by Pepper, Benny Carter, Duane Tarr and Ornette Coleman, and the obliqueness of the music is countered by the leader's head-on involvement. "Tears Inside" is an abstract cluster of chords that Pepper makes sense of by palpably feeling his way into the structure and making it his home.

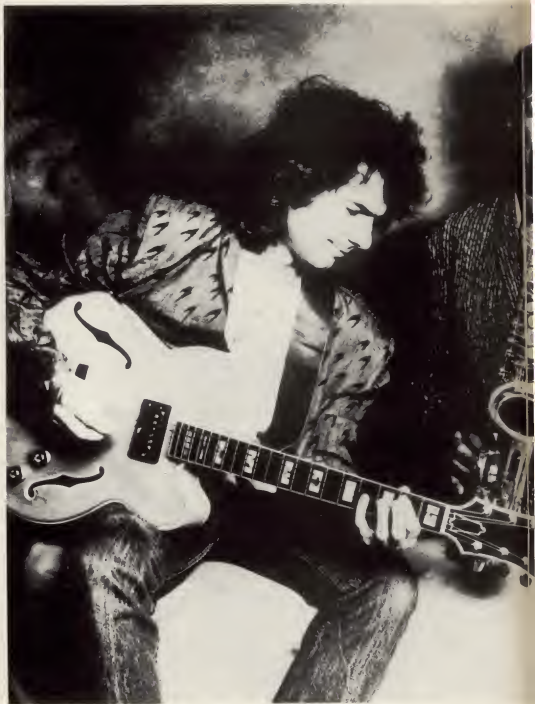
AFTER THIS CONTRACT, THERE WAS ONLY one more date in the 60s. But Pepper made up lost time with a profusion of recordings from the 1975 *Living Legend* (Contemporary) until his death in 1982. If anything, he was actually over-recorded in these last years: a new contract for Fantasy brought a rash of albums, and plenty of live material was put down on tape. The earlier records are the most exploratory, impassioned enough to suggest Pepper had built up plenty to say over 15 years and was desperate to get it all across. *Living Legend* was a masterful comeback: his sound was as clearly punched as ever, but his sense of flow was altered. Solos crack apart as difficult ideas

come into his head, and held high notes and jitters flurries create a sense of high drama. It's most evident on "Lost Life", a sequel to "What's New" that leaves no regrets, only grim acceptance of the past.

Among Friends (Flyright) glows with enjoyment, abetted by the presence of Russ Freeman and Frank Butler. *No Limit*, just reissued by Bopcity, was one of the first dates with frequent collaborators George Cables and Carl Burnett, and *The Trip* (Contemporary) has a prurient version of "The Summer Knows" and "Red Car", which was always a highlight of Pepper's live sets. A couple of Japanese albums with Sonny Stitt, *Atlas Blues* and *Grown High* (Arlas), offer exciting blowing sessions with two ticklish rhythm sections. *Winter Moon* (Galaxy), an album with strings, has a sumptuous Bill Holman arrangement on "Our Song" that coaxes the alto into his rarest frame of mind.

His live dates from this period work up a lot of vigorous saxophone. The long solo on "Make A List, Make A Wish" (*Blues For The Fubermen*, Mole) builds from casually funky bies and pieces into a tumultuous argument that Pepper checks and slowly winds down again. Three 1977 nights at the Village Vanguard are fired up by Elvin Jones, and Pepper is in a try-anything mood. "Caravan" (*Friday Night*, Contemporary) is turned into a hustle cooked on sizzling cymbals. Art takes a complex alto solo, switches to tenor and sews the two voices together without a hiccup. "Everything Happens To Me" (*Roadgame*, Galaxy) is a ballad he often played, and it gets a proud, severe reading.

His final success was the duo session with Cables that produced two albums. He plays alto and clarinet on *Gone Home* (Galaxy) in this sparse context one can hear how finely he'd moulded his music. All the little rises and recessions of volume, the sudden rhythmic hops, the levels of bitterness in tone — laid out beautifully in a valedictory "Don't Let The Sun Catch You Crying". He left us some lovely things.



A N A C C E P T A B L E F A C E O F F U S I O N : Pat Metheny & Ornette Coleman

S O U N D C H E C K

PAT METHENY & ORNETTE COLEMAN
SONG X

(Geffen 924 096/1)

Recorded: 1985

Song X; Mob Job; Endangered Species; Video Games; Kathleen Grey; Trigonometry; Song X Duo; Long Time No See.

Coleman (as, vn), (Metheny (g, g-synth); Charlie Haden (b), Bernardo Coleman (d)

TEST DEPT

THE UNACCEPTABLE FACE OF
FREEDOM(Some Bizzare & Ministry of Power MOP 2)
Recorded: 1986.*Backhead; 51st State of America; Concrete Ever Harder; First Statement; The Crusher; Victory; Curator Of Cells.*
Test Dept (instruments and studio).

22 YEARS AFTER *SPIRITUAL UNITY*, 18 after *Machine Gun* (and ten after "Anarchy In The UK"), we should have grown immune to shock value in sound; yet both these LPs have elements of sonic shock, one with its unexpectedly bristling comparability, one for its mountainous rage. Test Dept claim no allegiance to Ornette Coleman (that would be far too fashionable), but they are, in their way, as romantically obsessed with their purging sounds as the old man was with his ancient Texan blues. And both records are headaches for their respective audiences: followers of Metheny's mentholated landscapes may reel in dismay at this collaboration, and TD's casual rock crowd could find *The Unacceptable Face* literally true. Both records attempt to twist the impassive face of Music '86.

The partnership of saxophonist and guitarist is unlikely, but nothing Ornette does any more can cause much beyond initial amazement. Some say he's gone bonkers; if that's so, there is dazzling method in this madness. What the LP achieves is a confident passage between the timeless drift of Ornette's old music and the brutal, superfast complexities of *Prime Time*. This is only a quarter, missing the regiment of guitarists and drummers in PT, and it throws a clearer light on the pained wail of the alto —

even though Denardo's fuming parts hit the same dynamic of Coleman's recent music. Ornette also seems to be playing 'inside' music, a sound like a vibration in the sinuses. His phrases are distributed cautiously at times, sometimes overpowered by Metheny's sprawling attack, but there are hints of the nobility which old seafarers like Webster and Carter attained in their senior years. He plays some of that squattering violin on "Mob Job"; otherwise, it's all alto, and the deep character makes one itch to hear a Coleman solo record.

Pat Metheny gets ever more interesting as his successful doldrums get pushed into the background. After toying the water with Haden and Blackwell on *Rejoicing*, this is a full-on dive into the hard stuff, and Metheny doesn't flinch for a moment. His solos on "Trigonometry" and "Long Time No See" gleam with interest, broken melodies built together by a great technician's resolve to unlearn his art. There are some spare FX in "Video Games" and "Song X Duo"; "Endangered Species" is a crazed, flat-out scribble, and "Kathleen Grey" a magical dirge — it's like a tour through the story of Ornette's music, driven by the two rhythm players who understand it better than anyone else.

Test Dept can't compete with the chops and inbred mastery of that sort of music. Their luxurious debut *Blasting The Retreat* had all its nerve ends neatly rounded: no shocks there. *The Unacceptable Face* is a colossal advance. What this group do, to the unfamiliar, is construct great panels of noise using industrial elements harnessed through the opportunities of technology — furnace metal turned into monolithic drum beats, for instance. Over this monstrous base they methodically pile up the debris of contemporary Britain — politicians, radio cut-ups, the savage testimony of a miner beaten by policemen. Its impact is overwhelming, dangerously so — it could be reductive nihilism we're listening to.

But it's a concerned, humane work. These six men are working very close to the most

despised part of our society, the very poor and deprived (they operate in Deptford, London's graveyard), and this important record will anger and incite hatred among those who presume to safeguard our mass market (and there is a link there with Coleman's early music). I have no space to discuss its sounds, let alone their implications, but would mention that it's not all meatbeat thud—there's an extract like "Comrade Enya Hoxha", against a script of impassive newscast, a choir not unlike that of Holst's "Pluto" spins a diaphanous veil. Test Dept are married into the world. If Coleman's "Ramblin'" was the folk music of his race 25 years ago, Test Dept are making the folk music of our country today.

Richard Cook

MARIO BAUAZ

AFRO-CUBAN JAZZ

(Caiman CLP 8017)

Recorded: New York, 1986.
*Mambo Inn, Quidote, El Muro, Invitados: Qui Falta
 Cabaña, Don Te-Digo Qui Digo La Gavi,
 Victor Paz, Danny Cham, Claudio Roditi, Charles
 Camelle (s), Gerald Chambers, Conrad Herwig
 (t), Mario Bauza, Paquito D'Rivera, Rolando
 Briceño, Ron Grunbort, Ray Santos, Lesley Jonakim
 (saxs), Fajardo (f), Jorge Datto (p), Joe Santiago (b),
 Ignacio Berio, Patato, Daniel Ponce, Joe González
 (perc), Graciela (v).*



VICTOR PAZ Y SU ORQUESTA

CON MAS SABOR QUE NUNCA

(Paz LPLP 801)

Recorded: New York, 3 November 1985.

*Te Quiero Tanto, Si Lo Vies, Dese Que Me Quiera, Hasta
 Que Me Vuelvas A Amar, Cien Melones, Latina, Mambo
 Corazon, Tu Bambi
 Paz (t), Gerry Chambers (tb), Olegario Diaz (p),
 Vinnie Bell (g), Eddie Beato (b), Danny Morales,
 Pichie, Frankie Viera, Jose Mercedes, Freddy Pena
 (perc), Sally Cline (cl), Jaime Ellis, Betty
 Williamson (v).*

THE PERSONNEL ON THIS PAIR OF

records spin their own webs over the history of Latin jazz, from the early 40s when Cubans Mario Bauza and Machito forged the first link-ups. Afro-Cuban jazz is a re-convention of some of Machito's old gang led by Graciela and Bauza, alongside the best names in town (NYC) from the pool of brilliant rhythm and horn players—Surnames like Ponce, Patato, Berroa, D'Rivera, Fajardo, Roditi and Paz give some idea of the quality of this album, which

like virtually every Caiman release strains the pulse to feed the soul.

Trumpets, saxes, trombones, four percussionists, piano and bass (pew) create a rich big band sound which Machito would have adored. It's another of those records which Caiman do so well—all star line-up, one soloist in control, and featuring a couple of tracks which become UK club hits for months on end. This time, I wager it will be most of Side A. In places it does tend to sound quaint, especially in Graciela's songs, which I'm afraid I find quite irritating. Her filtering contralto on "Dices Tu" has a curious music hall quality—up against a rollicking salsa backup! And my only other complaint is inevitable with this kind of project—too many stars, too many brilliant, tantalising solos flashing past, during during the dizzy mass arrangements, and too little development time, but these are tiny gripes, really, because the skill with which the whole is woven together, and the very way the solos do come and go, are riveting in themselves.

Loading the trumpet section on the above album in sharp, shapely solos is the long-time collaborator with Machito, Victor Paz. I first saw Paz in New York, where his band appeared at the Village Gate's "Salsa Meets Jazz" night (Mondays), the jazz input coming from Dizzy Gillespie. My impressions of Paz were confused, the slight, elegant man who took solos and announced numbers, stayed in the backline, even during his duets with Dizzy. Only his music left ranks. Such modesty seemed extraordinary when I discovered that Paz had been a stalwart of Machito's bands, and one of the most respected trumpeters on the Latin-jazz scene. *Con Mas Sabor*... is a modern album, whereas Mario Bauza's is a classic. It's a record of the kind of post-salsa that exists in NY today, a mixture of roots and rhythms. "Hasta que..." breaks into a merengue in the second half, with its 2/4 beat and lassy guiro backing, "Latino" has a Mexican feel, perpetrated by Paz's playing style. Elsewhere there are guaguancos (usually known as 'salsa'), and of course the obligatory ballad ("Mucho Corazon") sung by Betty Williamson—all rolled 't and despatched emotion.

The album is already in Hitman's sold-out section, which means club play and four strong dance tracks guarantee its future as a talked-about record. Paz's style varies greatly through the album: from the broken notes of "Latino", to the sweet tone of "Mucho Corazon"—which is instantly recognisably Cuban, sweet like fruit rather than sugar and wellsuited to match the harder Afro-American tone of a Dizzy Gillespie style.

The record was a surprising discovery for me, and should bring the man hidden behind the stripes on his LP cover into the open for many Latin lovers in this country.

Sue Steward

ART PEPPER

NEW YORK ALBUM

(Galaxy GXY-5154)

Recorded: New York, 24 February 1979, (1)
 Burbank, California, 26 May 1979.
*A Night in Tunisia, Later Man (1) Straight, No
 Chaser, Das Bino, My Friend John.
 Pepper (s), Hank Jones (p), Ron Carter (b), Al
 Foster (d).*

IT'S NOT EASY TO ASSIMILATE ONE ART

Pepper release or re-release before another turns

up—this is not one of the best, but still demonstrates how ebullient and fresh the great man's playing can be.

The Gillespie standard is a pacy, sure-fire opener—peppy, brisk, but unremarkable except for Carter's sudden quotation from "Stranger In Paradise" in the middle of his bass solo. I must confess to not being a great fan of unaccompanied saxophone, and plangent though Pepper's rendition of "Lover Man" is, it barely sustains interest through its five-and-a-half-minute length. It also contains a couple of squeaks: "Straight, No Chaser" is a no-nonsense treatment of the Monk tune and, like much of this album, is standard fare with no surprises. "Das Blues", exactly what its title suggests, is the stand-out track, involving only Carter and Pepper at his typical earnest, restless best, alternating blistering clusters of notes with the raps, spacey pleading in which he excels. Carter is the perfect complement, his singing tone particularly appropriate when he has no drums to compete with—as he has on the competent "My Friend John".

I'm a little disappointed with this LP, it doesn't approach the great peaks of Pepper's recorded work—the fire of *Tulay*, the heart-breaking poignancy of *Winter Moon*, the emotional intensity of *Meets The Rhythm Section*, the exuberance of *Among Friends*.

Chris Parker

TOMMY WHITTLE

STRAIGHT EIGHT

(Miles Music MM001)

Recorded: London, 20 November 1985

*Straight Eight, Can Alma, Jobing, Pappavara, Nite 8.7
 Goodbye, That's All, Early Stabiliment,
 Whittle (s); Alan Barnes (s, cl), Mick Pyne (p),
 Alec Dankworth (b), Alan Jackson (d)*

WOW! THERE'S HOT STUFF ON THIS VERY

impressive debut album on the Miles Music label—produced by John Miles really as a gesture of support for the British jazz scene. The musicians involved have responded with work of commitment and imagination, and the production is first-class.

Two participants at least make compelling contributions—the pianist Mick Pyne (to the shame of this reviewer who did not realise quite how good is the elder statesman) Tommy Whittle. Each displays great expressive power and cogency, and the paucity of recorded work

from each and especially Tommy Whittle is a disgrace, the causes of which need no elaboration. Here, Mick Pyne displays the commitment evident in his heroic contributions to Tubby Hayes' amazing *Aladdin's Dream* (Mole 2); but unsurprisingly he is now more assured, though continuing the rather more conservative style of his fine solo album *Alone Together* (Spotlite: SPJ506).

Dankworth *ful* needs to be more adventurous in his solo work, while Alan Barnes, though on occasion disjointed in his, contributes excellent compositions, most notably the title track. This is an attractive minor theme over chords which seem to be those of "Softly As In A Morning Sunrise", the exciting arrangement features riff-like interjections of Sonny Rollins' "Strode Rode" motif. Dizzy Gillespie's beautiful Latin "Con Alma" is given appropriately loving treatment, and indeed all the numbers have something to offer, except for the lugubrious standard "That's All" – it was horrible on Teddy Edwards' *Out Of This World* and it's just as horrible here. But this lapse aside, the two tenors do in fact have much in common – a big Hawkins-based tone, a commitment to the be-bop mainstream, and musician's musician status.

Conservative maybe but, more important, an intelligent, well-thought-out and at times very exciting album. The producer's address is on the sleeve, and I presume in case of difficulty in obtaining the album, try: John Miles, 13, Thornhill Square, London N1 1BQ.

Andy Hamilton

BUD SHANK

THIS BUD'S FOR YOU

(Muse: MR 5309)

Recorded: New York, 11 November 1981.

I'll Be Seeing You, That's My Dream, Never Never Land, Spark Meets: Visa, Cursive Blossom, Boasting With Bud Shank (as), Kenny Barron (p), Ron Carter (b), Al Foster (d).

BUD IS IN SCATHINGLY HOT FORM HERE

The music's all in the Shank manner we heard on his last visit: punchy, chipper tempos with the alto man coarsening his tone to give the music a rougher edge. Not really necessary, maybe, because only poor ears would think Shank a slacker, even at his artist: He always phrases and swings with the humours of bebop somewhere in the horn. Recorded aggressively close and lifelike, the alto sounds irascible here. "I'll Be Seeing You" has all the mooning scoured out of it as if it's a grudge match.

"Nick's Dream", "Visa" and "Bouncing With Bud" are all flat-out bop. Shank has a trick of skidding on the incline of a particularly dangerous curve in the line and just putting it right: I suppose he's kidding around, but it makes you sit up. "Never Never Land" is a pretty ballad with the prettiness



chiselled in – he sounds as souped-up as McLean here. The rhythm section are a pedigree team, though I find Ron Carter's quote-packed solos irritating; Kenny Barron isn't a remarkable accompanist, but he knows how to keep up, and that's what counts when the frontman's in this kind of blistering mood. Excellent.

Richard Cook

MASQUERADER BANDE À PART

(ECM 1319)

Recorded: Oslo, August/December 1985.

1 For 5: Nat; Sort Of: Vansly; Bole; Tatt; No Soap.

Nyl.

Nils Petter Molvær (r); Tore Brannborg (ts, ss), Jon Balke (p, op, syn), Arild Andersen (b), Jon Christensen (d, perc).

FIRST HOUSE

ERENDIRA

(ECM 1307)

Recorded: Oslo, July 1985

A Day Away, Instant Eréndira, The Journeyers To The East, Beavondale, Gnomes, Stranger Than Paradise, Bridge Call, Double, Further Away.

Ken Snubbs (as, ss); Django Bates (p), Mick Hurron (b); Martin France (d, perc).

IF THERE IS SUCH A THING AS A

distinctively European jazz style, its mainstream is surely that defined by ECM's aesthetic (and often ascetic) purity. Manfred Eicher's pursuit of that instantly recognizable ECM sound has arguably been as significant an influence on the development of the music as Blue Note's on the post-bebop American mainstream, simultaneously growing from and helping to mould the form.

Eréndira is the debut album of a young English quartet firmly rooted in a European style, as befits former winners of the IJF European Jazz Competition. Saxophonist Ken Snubbs (clearly a literary type) carries the main weight of their music, his acerbic, piercing lines located somewhere between Surman's earthy virtuosity and Garbarek's atmospheric clarity. The rhythm section are not yet as convincing, particularly on the less structured cuts, where they have a tendency to drift rather aimlessly. Bates is inclined to doodle anyway, while France and Hurron seem a little uneventful when deprived of a strong line. The rhythmic thrust of "Journeyers" and "Grammies" provides a more effective focus;

Hurton especially finds a new assertiveness, while Bates produces his most impressive contributions. Elsewhere, First House's playing is still too well-mannered for their own good.

Behind Masquerader lurk a rather more experienced outfit, the Arild Andersen Quintet. From the brooding opening chords of "3 For 5" they are clearly a different proposition, perhaps the band First House would like to be. Andersen and Christensen seemingly effortlessly solve the rhythmic problems of their open form ensemble explorations – witness the delicate percussive filigree the two build around Molvær's haunting trumpet inflections on "Nat", a wholly satisfying structure created with the utmost economy and finesse.

That it should be immediately followed by "Sort Of" underlines their flexibility. Christensen's eerie voodoo drumming laying down a base for Molvær's frenzied wails and rumblings, in turn flicking into the conventional lyricism of "Vansly". These variations in mode do not simply indicate versatility; they form the syntax of the band's continually shifting but none the less individual ensemble sound.

Masquerader are an ideal example of what the ECM sound aspires to be. Part of the problem with its often rather cool reception may be that it is perhaps too readily understood; it demands concentration if the listener is to absorb the way in which emotional intensity is deflected into the sensual and flow that forms this music's particular strength (for that reason, it is best not swallowed at a single gulp). In other words, if you stick it on while you read *Wre*, it may well register only as the high-class muzak ECM is often accused of parveying.

Kenny Mathieson

JACK TEAGARDEN

TROMBONE T FROM TEXAS

(Affinity AFS1015)

Recorded: New York City, 11 July 1929

Basie Street Blues-1.

Louisiana Rhythm Kings. Red Nichols (cl), Teagarden (tb, v-1), Bud Freeman (p), Rex Wey Russell (d), Joe Sullivan (p), Dave Tough (d).

Recorded: New York City, 22 October 1931

Basie Street Blues-1; After You've Gone-1; Farewell Blues; Someday; Savatrup.

Lang-Venuti All-Star Orchestra. Charlie Teagarden (r), Jack Teagarden (tb, v-1), Benny Goodman (cl), Frank Signorelli (p), Eddie Lang (g), Joe Venuti (vn), Ward Ley (b), Ned Marshall (d).

Recorded: New York City, 23 October 1934

Someday Love Me, Riverboat Shuffle. Adrian Rollins Orchestra: Marnie Klein, Dave Klein (r), Teagarden (tb), Arthur Rollins (ss), Adrian Rollins (b), Goodman (cl), Howard Smith (p), George van Epps (g), Arrie Bernheim (b), Sam King (d).

Recorded: New York City, 9 September 1938

After You've Gone-1, 2.

hi-fi?

☎ 01-631 0472

the confluence shop

music!

WHERE CAN YOU BUY SALSA AND SOUL, AS WELL AS MILES AND MONK WITHOUT BEING SNEERED AT?

HONEST JON'S
IN PORTOBELLO RD.

We put ALL the records out for you to see and have a large and constantly changing stock which, as well as all kinds of Jazz, covers Soul, Latin, African, R&B, Reggae and Rock.

What's more you can listen before you buy and we open on Sundays - a good day for gentle browsing.

At HJ's you will always find something interesting, inexpensive or scarce - for example see our big Latin and Rare Jazz sections.

Remember, we also buy and exchange your records - can collect anywhere in the U.K. - genuine top prices paid.

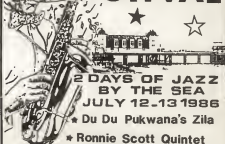
OPEN 7 DAYS A WEEK

We stock Jazz on C.D.s: send S.A.E. for lists. Ludlow Grove tube then 2 minutes walk down Cambridge Gdns. We're nearer than you think - Paddington only 10 mins. Euston, Kings X, Victoria 25 mins.

Access, Visa, Barclaycard.

**HONEST JON'S RECORDS 278, PORTOBELLO ROAD
LONDON W10 5TE. 01 969 9822**

PENARTH ★ JAZZ ★ FESTIVAL



**2 DAYS OF JAZZ
BY THE SEA
JULY 12-13 1986**

★ Du Du Pukwana's Zila

★ Ronnie Scott Quintet

★ Tommy Smiths Forward Motion
plus other major artists

to be announced

All in a beautiful setting by the sea

Further information from Eric Reynolds

c/o Penarth Times 30 Sianwell Road Penarth
South Glamorgan Tel: (0222) 707234

MOLE JAZZ

**374 GRAYS INN ROAD
LONDON WC1X 8BB
01 278 8623**



THE FOLLOWING IS A SMALL SELECTION OF OUR STOCK.

SPECIAL OFFERS

- W1 ALVIN QUEEN Jammin' Uptown, Nixa - £6.65
- W2 GEORGE ADAMS/DON PULLEN: Live at Montreux, Timeless, £6.40 W. John Scofield
- W3 MIKE WESTBROOK: Pier Rides, Westbrook Music, £5.55
- W4 HAROLD LAND: The Fox, Contemporary, £5.50
- W5 LENNIE NIEHAUS: The Octet, Vol. 3, Contemporary, £5.50
- W6 FIRST HOUSE: Erendra, ECM, £6.30
- W7 BEN WEBSTER: At The Renaissance, Contemporary, £5.60
- W8 ART PEPPER: More for Less, Contemporary, £5.60
- W9 CHARLIE PARKER: In France 1949, Jazz Op, £6.75
- W10 CHICK COPEA: The Electric Bend, GRP, £6.30
- W11 DOLLAR BRAND: South Africa, Eryx, £6.00
- W12 ALAN HOLDSWORTH: Metal Fatigue, Enigma, £5.90
- W13 CANNONBALL ADDERLEY: Accent on Africa, Atrium, £5.85
- W14 LENNIE TRISTAND/TADD DAMERON: Crosscurrents, Affinity, £5.85
- W15 LOU DONALDSON: Live in Bologna, Timeless, £5.40
- W16 SONNY STITT: Constellation, Muse, £5.85
- W17 RICKY FORD: Shorter Ideas, Muse, £5.85
- W18 MORGANA KING: Portraits, Muse, £5.85
- W19 PABLO D RIVERA: Explosion, CBS, £6.60
- W20 SONNY ROLINS: Saxophone Colossus, Prestige, £5.60
- W21 ART PEPPER: Straight Life: Gateway, £5.60
- W22 SANDY BROWN: McJazz (Ex New), Demosque, £5.90
- W23 MICHEL PETRUCCI: Cold blues: Owl, £6.40
- W24 HELEN MERRILL/GORDON BECK: No tears, no goodbyes, Owl, £6.40
- W25 WYNTON MARSALIS: An American Hero, Kingdom, £5.20

POSTAGE: 1 LP £1.00; 2 LPS £1.50; 3 LPS £1.75; 4 or more LPS £2.00

Access, American Express, Diners Club, Visa - accepted
Remember - we have the largest selection of jazz in the country - thousands of secondhand LPs and current releases including Japanese and US imports
We also stock books, cassettes and compact discs
Mail order - please send a SAE for a free copy of our latest lists

Paul Whiteman And His Swing Wing: Charlie Teagarden (tr), Jack Teagarden (trb, v-1), Al Gallodoro (as), Art Dreiling (as), Sid Franco (cl), Walter Gross (tp), Arthur Ryserson (g), Art Miller (b), Rellio Layton (d), Four Modernaires (v-2)

Recorded: New York City, 8 December 1938
 Jepsen: *Teagarden*—1, 2

Bob Cosumano, Charlie Teagarden (tr), Jack Teagarden (trb, v-1), Francisco (as, cl), Dreiling (as), Signorilli (p), Allan Reuss (g), Arne Shapiro (b), George Wettling (d), Four Modernaires (v-2)

Recorded: New York City, 31 January 1941.
Blue To The Lonely—1

Jack Teagarden Orchestra: John Fallarich, Pukay Caruso (tr), Sid Feller (tr, arr), Teagarden (trb, v-1), Joe Gonzalez, Joe Farrell, Seymour Gokilinger (b), Joe Ferdinand, Art Beck (as), Danny Pabo (as, cl), Tony Anselmi, Art Moore (tr), Ernest Hughes (tp), Arnold Fishkin (b), Paul Collins (d)

Recorded: Los Angeles, 7 July 1941

Prelude To The Blues:
 Art Gold, Truman Gangle (tr), Fred Keller (b), Myron Shapler (b) replace Fallarich, Feller, Gokilinger, Fishkin

Recorded: New York City, 4 November 1953

I've Got A Right To Sing The Blues—1, *Love Me—Body And Soul*

Jack Teagarden Sextet: Charlie Teagarden (tr), Jack Teagarden (trb, v-1), Jay Styhln (cl), Norma Teagarden (p), Kaaper Malone (b), Ray Banduc (d)

Recorded: New York City, 18 January 1955.

Love Me Or Leave Me—1, Nobody Knows The Trouble I've Seen—1
 Johnny Windhurst (tr), Teagarden (trb, v-1); Hank D'Amico (cl), Dick Wellstood (p), Malone (b), Banduc (d)

EVEN IF THERE ARE QUESTIONS TO BE asked about it, this is a collection of generally fine Jack Teagarden performances. "Basin Street", for example, while rough-hewn, is a classic reading of the piece, and, though it represents a phase of jazz long unfashionable, the Lang-Venuti date is among the great recording sessions. There is no better introduction to Venuti, to Goodman before he was Swing King, or to Little Tea, the inevitably underrated Charlie Teagarden, who further proves his worth on the Whiteman and 1953 tracks. Try the rousing "Farewell Blues" first. BG is the link with Rollins's date, where "Riverboat Shuffle" is the more interesting score, but in each case Jack T. dominates effortlessly, brief though his solos are. Made under the malignant Whiteman aegis, "Aunt Hagar's Blues" is another Teagarden classic; the Modernaires do not at all get in the way, although they take over "Jeepers Creepers" completely and are welcome to it.

Teagarden's own big bands rarely had much character, but when faced with the magnificent trombone playing heard on "Blues To The Lonely" one is disinclined to complain. An exception is "Prelude To The Blues", a striking orchestral score to which sleeve and label (like Waters' *Jack Teagarden's Music*) assign no composer credit. It is from one of the sessions done in connection with *The Birth of the Blues*, and I wonder if it was the work of Joe

Glover, who seems to have been responsible for the musical arrangements for that film. Teagarden himself offers no more than a single chorus, albeit an original one, on this track, and his best playing on the disc, besides in "Blues For The Lonely," occurs in "I've Got A Right To Sing The Blues", a piece that might almost have been written for him. How beautifully Charlie Teagarden accompanies the singing here! And he underlines the point with an effusive yet perfectly controlled trumpet solo on "Body And Soul", where Jack T., as in "Love Me Or Leave Me", completely rephrases and immeasurably improves the melody.

But although there is very little wrong with the music, the choice of items and their programming is highly unsatisfactory. The Lang-Venuti date, for instance, is already obtainable on Decca RAL502 and Swaggie 819, both issued last year. I cannot believe that Affinity's issues are different for anyone except serious jazz collectors, who will have several of the other pieces here as well, because they have in recent times been available on a variety of other discs. Indeed, the two 1941 recordings are the only exceptions, and these do not seem to have been on LP before. Fourteen tracks were cut for Decca at that time: why not issue them complete? Or further tracks from the Louisiana Rhythm Kings session? "Last Cent" includes an outstanding trombone solo. There are the Teagarden sessions of July and November 1933 and March '34, the Trumbauers of January and February 1934 and several in '36, the Manones of October '35. A splendid 1944 date by George Wettling's New Yorkers puts Teagarden with Joe Thomas (trumpet), Coleman Hawkins and Herman Chertson, I cannot trace that this has ever been on a British LP. Then there are the Condon 1944 and '47 Decca sessions with Teagarden. . . . Another complaint is that the material is set in a completely chaotic disorder as to recording date, with sessions often broken up. This was an intensely annoying feature, too, of Affinity's otherwise wholly admirable Eldridge 2-LP set (reviewed here last January).

Max Harrison

PHILLY JOE JONES
 DRUM SONG
 (Galaxy GXY 5153)
 Recorded: 10, 11, 12 October 1978.
Our Delight, I Want For You, Bird, You Best Hit, High Fly, Dream Song
 Blue Mitchell (trp), Slide Hampton (trb), Harold Land (tr), Charles Brown (b), as on "Dream Song". Cedar Walton (p), March Johnston (b), Philly Joe Jones (d).

Max Harrison

PHILLY JOE JONES

DRUM SONG

(Galaxy GXY 5153)

Recorded: 10, 11, 12 October 1978.

Our Delight, I Want For You, Bird, You Best Hit, High Fly, Dream Song

Blue Mitchell (trp), Slide Hampton (trb), Harold Land (tr), Charles Brown (b), as on "Dream Song".

Cedar Walton (p), March Johnston (b), Philly Joe Jones (d).

Jones (d).

Jones (d).

Jones (d).

Jones (d).

Jones (d).

Jones (d).

Jones (d).

Jones (d).

Jones (d).

Jones (d).

Jones (d).

and to Blue Mitchell (among whose last recordings it was). But it stands on its own very satisfactorily with none of the gloom, anguish or terminal hesitancy that afflicts "late" work.

Jones himself is in reliably good form throughout and comes to the fore just long and often enough to show just how great a drummer we lost last year. "Dream Song" is a finely crafted exploration of Slide Hampton's composition, full of subtle shifts and turns and featuring (you listening? whoever it was meant about my unfairness to him) an excellent solo from Harold Land. Group resources are used imaginatively and well with "I Wanted For You" charted for trombone and rhythm only. "High Fly" similarly for Charles Bowen's tenor. Bowen emerges as the revelation of the set, a vigorous but curiously detached voice, much given to that curious snapping reed effect that suggests not groups of notes, separately played, but rather a continuous stream of sound clipped into segments. It works perfectly in this setting, pairing Bowen with the sharp edge of Mitchell's horn, setting them against the more legato and modulated feel from Land and Hampton.



The choice of material is excellent and Randy Weston's "High Fly" is a particular delight. There's little sense of jam session laxness but there's an unmistakable air of enjoyment, not just in blowing, but in the subtler pleasures of group arrangements. I'll certainly still be playing it come the turn of the year.

Brian Morton

KENNY BARRON

AUTUMN IN NEW YORK

(Uptown UP 2726)

Recorded: Englewood Cliffs, 14 December 1981

New York Attitude, Autumn In New York, Juvenile, Jalousie, Boogie Woogie, Easy On My Feet, Love

Barton (p), Rufus Reid (b), Frederick Warr (d)

Barton (p), Rufus Reid (b), Frederick Warr (d)

Barton (p), Rufus Reid (b), Frederick Warr (d)

Barton (p), Rufus Reid (b), Frederick Warr (d)

Barton (p), Rufus Reid (b), Frederick Warr (d)

Barton (p), Rufus Reid (b), Frederick Warr (d)

Barton (p), Rufus Reid (b), Frederick Warr (d)

Barton (p), Rufus Reid (b), Frederick Warr (d)

Barton (p), Rufus Reid (b), Frederick Warr (d)

Barton (p), Rufus Reid (b), Frederick Warr (d)

Barton (p), Rufus Reid (b), Frederick Warr (d)

Barton (p), Rufus Reid (b), Frederick Warr (d)

Barton (p), Rufus Reid (b), Frederick Warr (d)

Footbridge Over The Rainbow Stream: Animals On A Four Screen Landscape: Laertes In The Rock Garden: Play Song: Across The Cliffs: Danko (p)

TOMMY FLANAGAN AND HANK JONES

MORE DELIGHTS

(Galaxy GXY 5152)

Recorded: 28 January 1978

Robbin' N'ev: Round Midnight: Lady Bird: Jorjo: Our Delight: A Child Is Born: Autumn Leaves: If You Could See Me Now: Flanagan, Jones (p)

ICHIKO HASHIMOTO

ICHIKO

(Pan East NEWLP 101)

Recorded: unknown.

Edo: Crystal Of The Wind, Little Angel: Lake Lying In A Ship: Stillness In The Afternoon: L'Oiseau: Serenade: Sea Of Mirrors: Sakura Star: Le Beau Paysage: Ballet: Wind Of Summer: Amandor: Opening The Door Of Heaven: There Overflows The Onzaga Show: Hashimoto (p, syn, v)

SEIGEN ONO

SEIGEN

(Pan East NEWLP 100)

Recorded: unknown.

Marshall: Model-91: Water Front: Mallets: Shikharas Part 1: 5/8 RP: Saraw-Ja Nira: Instrumentation not credited.

MASAHIDE SAKUMA

MASAHIDE SAKUMA

(Pan East NEWLP 102)

Recorded: unknown.

DIM 1: Victory For Victory: Secret Life On The Moon Window: Hill: New Onix: Lisa: Thelma: Dancin': Truisme Home-Mell: Amandor: A Densha Sakura: Masako Hirao: Shigeharu Yamaoka (instrumentation not credited).

YOSHIO SUZUKI

MORNING PICTURE

(Pan East NEWLP 103)

Recorded: unknown.

Kate: Darling Snow: Met Me In The Sheep Meadow: Valpurgella: Summer Walk: The Bagel: Morning Picture: The Mirror: Suzuki (instruments not credited)

AS THE NEW AGE STARTS TO GET INTO

gear, it seems we'll be force-fed this stuff till we all look like Kraftwerk's showroom dummies. We go into a club and we start to dance... and the music playing is all prettiness, all shaven surface and scrubbed skin. Schumann and Chopin were pretty too, but in their age there were chamberpots and painful destitute as well.

The four Japanese records, although their company shies away from the tag 'New Age' itself, look and mostly sound like appliances, not pieces of somebody's art. The best music is played by Ichiko Hashimoto, whom we've encountered before (*Twilight Mandagari*, see W're). Her collection of miniatures derives from an old romantic tradition, naively simple; but she seems to cherish what she plays, so there is that dangerous commodity 'charm' in quite substantial measure. Her vocal on 'Stillness' sounds like a trembling, caged bird.

Suzuki overdubs himself into a slavish cocktail combo, nothing going on here. Seigen Ono has a crack at composing a sampler of fashionable eclecticism — one side has a gamut of synthetic percussion patterns, then string-based minimalism, then mamantic piano, then nouveau Mantovani. There's no meaning or objective that I could figure out. I'd dismiss Sakuma's LP (produced by Ono) as quickly, if it weren't for the way a couple of its diletusian themes nag at the memory "DIM3") is a simple motif that repeats its way into the bloodstream, and "Secret Life On The Moon" is good film musik. But it's all a jigsaw of tones, not composition.



At least these Easterners seem less encumbered by the pomposity shown by many of their Western counterparts. Nobody seems to be mounting a challenge to Beethoven the way Tim Cross does. In a jazz environment, this music appears to have no space, but its spirit is not so distant from the acoustic revival pioneered by Jarrett and Corea. And when an authentic 'jazz pianist' like Harold Danko makes a record like *Ink And Water*, one wonders how self-absorbed piano improvisation is becoming. Danko's set is, on the surface, much more complicated than Hashimoto's, but all the detail of his playing adds up to nothing very profound or substantial or particularly enjoyable. It's then craftsmanship, melodic tailpieces distilled into a long and practically lifeless sure Rhythmically there's hardly a scrap of independent energy in Danko's motions, and gesture replaces purpose.

Of course, contemporary jazz piano does offer many alternatives. Why stalwarts like Tommy Flanagan and Hank Jones don't come on as 'deep' as Danko, but they tap into a much brighter spirit in their duets, most of which are outtakes from an earlier Galaxy collection. The three Dameron tunes shimmer with good humour, and Duke Jordan's 'Jordu' has its infectious rhythm charred quite irresistibly. These aren't mighty creations, certainly not on a par with a precedent like the Ellington-Strayhorn duets, but they make up light, smiling music.

Kenny Barron is another alternative. He's an exemplar of the good modern mainstream: a skilled technician who never goes too 'outside' and who requires only that we appreciate

well-played, logical ideas. Has fast pieces, like the hurtling 'New York Attitude', say less than he plays, and his 'Bumsha Swing' alters Monk's conception to no special purpose. But we're not just listening to technique or piece-work, as we are with the labours of New Age, and Barron's is the sort of music you can feel strength and a certain imagination in, without having to invest all the senses. It's 'easy listening' in an acceptable sense of the term. I'd let this into my new age.

Richard Cook

TREVOR WATTS MOIRÉ MUSIC

(ARC ARCO2)

Recorded: Birmingham, Coventry — 20, 21 January 1985

Mr Sunshine: Moon Mass II.

Trevor Watts (ts, ss, fl), Lol Cozhil (ss), Simon Picard (ss, ss), Keith Beal (ss, bs, bsd), Peter Knight, Steve Dunachie (vn), Veran Weston (p), Ernest Mothle (b), Lorn Genockey (d), Nana Tsiob (perc)

TREVOR WATTS USES HIS MOIRÉ MUSIC group to explore the possibilities of a specific structural strategy — the layering of different repeating motifs to create constantly shifting sound patterns. Though similar procedures can be found in other musics — African drumming, American minimalisms — Watts' unusual orchestration of four horns, two violins and extended rhythm section means Moiré Music make an unmistakable case: a dense, derisive dance of sound that can soar and tumble like a whale's spout.

"Mr Sunshine" was debuted at Bracknell in 1984, and I remember it as one of that year's festival highlights, but the version here — abridged, played by a smaller group (and no singers) — is a less happy affair. The chief problem, I suspect, was lack of funds for rehearsal and studio time, so what we get is a ragged live performance from a night when the band seem to be struggling to find their fire. Still, on side two's "Moiré Music II" the flames are truly fanned, and the music rises to a wild, woolly elation that I guess was Watts's goal.

So, a half success, and several gripping solos (Coshill and Weston in particular), but it's a shame that this "Mr Sunshine" is such a damp squib after Bracknell's glorious blaze.

Graham Lock

MICROSCOPIC SEPTET

LET'S FLIP!

(Osmosis Records 6003)

Recorded: Rotterdam, 23 November, 1984

The Luster Parade: Second Avenue: Why Not? Let's Flip! Let's Lament: Boo Boo Caring: Johnny Come Lately.

Phillip Johnson (ss), Don Davis (ss), Danny Nigro (ts), Dave Swoboda (ban), Joel Forrester (p), David Hofstra (b), Richard Dwekin (d)

MY MATE KENNY ALWAYS WANTS

against bad names like this. Call yourself the Average White Band or Dire Straits and sooner

or later some smartarse reviewer is going to snap the lute and say average by name, dare by nature.

So it's pleasing to report that you won't need a microscope to spot the merits of *Let's Flip!* Merely a very large magnifying glass. The four-sax front line weaves through some interesting arrangements (by Johnston, apparently) but never manages to sound as though there are any ideas behind the noise. The marching-band effect of massed saxes never quite comes off and the rhythm section lends only rather unsteady, if vigorous support.

To be fair, the arrangement of Billy Strayhorn's "Johnny Come Lately" was worth the wait and brings the proceedings to a reasonably satisfying close. There's little doubt that this is entertainment music, there are no highbrow pretensions on show anywhere. It's probably just the sort of thing you'd be happy to hear over a half dozen Orangebeams in a dive and the Dutch audience sound almost as enthusiastic as I was diffident. But then I'd just read the liner note, which must rank as one of the stupidest ever put on the outside of a record.

Brian Morton

PARAGONNE ASPECTS OF PARAGONNE (MMC OJO)

Recorded: London, 1985
High For The Future, 24 Hours, *Gentle Giant*:
Difference Of Opinion, 71850, *Unbelievable*:
Aggression and Regression, *Weathering* *Unbelievable*,
Monica and The Pirates, *The River*, *Before And After*,
Zato.
 Sean Sultmann (tr, as), Tony Hymas (p, p, org),
 John Taylor (p, p, org), Chris Lawrence (b), Frank
 Riccotti (vib, perc).

WITH SO MUCH INTEREST BEING generated by the current crop of young British jazz musicians, this timely release from Paragonne is a reminder of just how talented the previous generation are. Whilst hardly qualifying for the sobriquet "elder statesmen" of British jazz, this quintet have accumulated a wealth of experience between them and it contributes in no small measure to this highly successful debut album.

Recorded with ECM-like clarity, the mood is subdued and explores the interaction between the two keyboard players and Sean Sultmann's ethereal saxophones. The choice of material imposes a cerebral calm on the proceedings, broken only by "Difference of Opinion" and "Unbelievable" which move away from contemplation to mild exuberance. Sultmann is the complete professional saxophonist, his perfectly weighted tone ideal for the delicate lead lines and mild extemporisations the compositions call for – it's difficult to imagine the quantum leap he has to make to sock it to 'em with James Last. "Unbelievable" features his tender and emphases what an underrated player he is, his

complex runs seeming to grow organically from the tune's structure. Hymas and Taylor intertwine with considered craftiness, varying the total palette by alternating on Hammond, electric piano, acoustic piano and synth with Frank Riccotti's vibes drifting in and out of focus. An album such as this deserves to be successful, perhaps even competing for advanced Windham Hill fans!

Stuart Nicholson

CHARLES MINGUS TIJUANA MOODS (RCA NL 89593)

Recorded: New York, 18 July/6 August 1957
Dizzy Moods, *Ysabel's Table Dances*, *Tinyane Goli Shop*:
Dezzy Moods, *Ysabel's Table Dances*, *Tinyane Goli Shop*:
 Clarence Shaw (t); Curtis Porter (Shafi Hadi) (as),
 Bill Triglia (p), Miffus (b), Danny Richmond (d),
 Frankie Dunlop (perc); Ysabel Morel (cassinet),
 Lonnie Elder (voice).

THIS WAS THE FIRST JAZZ RECORD I ever possessed that wasn't by Miles or Coltrane. It was also my first encounter with the notion that jazz need not emblazon itself with the bold heraldry of the Forward Look, but could, with equal passion, move sideways, could take that long, deep breath and . . . inflate! To me, Mingus has always been about that kind of expansion, blowing jazz up, stretching its colours like pigments on a balloon.

To many of my (mid-20s) generation who came to jazz from rock music, Mingus was immediately attractive. The joining of familiar formal ideas to unfamiliar and extravagant exorcism (with lots of exhortation and plumage to make it all a bit ugly) makes the music both near and far; a weird mixture of the glue and its solvent. Properly wild. And *Tijuana Moods* is a cruel record, charged with bitterness, sticky heat and unbalanced proportions of hope and despair. Which is how it should be. This might not be the best album that Mingus ever made, but it's perhaps the most expressive.



Clarence Shaw's sidelong drawl is (as his leader points out on the sleeve) almost singular, folding casual cool in with intense body-heat. He bleeds emotion slowly, unlike Shafi Hadi who coughs it. This pair are admirably suited to that strain of jazzography that adores passionate unhealth like a madonna (another point of entry for absolute beginners). Jimmy Knepper and Bill Triglia are by

comparison robust creatures: the one, a choctaw reminder that the trombone is a great blues instrument, the other, a gentle master of discreet funk. Mingus and Richmond are simply themselves.

But it's Mingus's programmatic sensibilities that give *Tijuana Moods* its immediate identity. The Lutesque music for the album was composed in Mexico ("In Flight to forget her") and the prevailing mood trails incongruities like the establishing chapters of a Graham Greene novel: lost masculinity in an environment that is too hot, too loud and strangely bright. To put it another way, the album creaks with the desperation of attempted spiritual refurbishment.

It's not music that is easily liked, but I can think of few other musics that cause so much love.

Nick Coleman

VARIOUS ARTISTS JAZZ CLASSICS IN DIGITAL STEREO VOL 1: NEW ORLEANS (BBC REB 588) VOL 2: CHICAGO (BBC REB 589) VOL 3: NEW YORK (BBC REB 590)

WELL, I DON'T KNOW I CAN'T MAKE UP my mind about Robert Parker's system: whether it's just the next piece of hi-tech magnification of old records, or whether this is – as some claim – the first truthful transfer of 78s. What Parker's done is remaster a stack of 20s and 30s jazz records in a kind of digital stereo that's meant to enhance separation and give a fair impression of what the players would have sounded like in a hall rather than an acoustically dead studio. As far as I can hear, this amounts to a good reduction of surface hiss and a small but definite addition of echo. Not nearly on the level of those awful old Ace of Hearts wind-tunnel mixes, but reverb is definitely present.

If anything, it lends a slightly eerie quality to the music. A soloist sounds set apart from his group, as if he's playing from the far end of the hall. Where the technique scores is with the oldest acoustic recordings: King Oliver's "Sweet Lovin' Man" and the ODJB's "Clarinet Maestralade" come through sharply enough to give a much clearer idea of what was going on in those seminal ensembles. But there are only four acoustic tracks out of 48! It's nonsense to suggest that this recording is the only way to hear Armstrong's Hot Five or McKinney's Cotton Pickers. The Victor and Okeh studios did a superb job for their time. What *should* be researched is the correct speed of these sides. It's entirely possible that we may have heard a lot of Armstrong's most familiar work in the wrong pitch for the last 50 years.

Is Parker's work in keeping with the spirit of this music? After all, these musicians

0 7043 2523 3 illustrated hardback £13.95



QUARTET BOOKS — Britain's leading jazz and blues publisher

ORDER FORM

Available from all paperback shops, or if none or difficult, write to: MALLARD BOOK SERVICE

Please apply _____ copies of _____ at _____ each. ABBE 1 for postage as packing

ORDER TWO CHICKEN BOOKS - POST FREE. Write for details of overseas postage

Name (Block Capitals) _____

Address _____

How to pay by VISA/ACCESS/MASTERCARD? No _____ Card Expiry Date _____

Invoice to card payment order for the total (incl. P.A.M. part if £2 _____)

Signature _____ Date _____

Send to: MALLARD BOOK SERVICE, LARK HOUSE, WEST STREET, POOLE, DORSET BH15 6L



BLANDFORD PRESS
Link House, West Street, Poole, Dorset
Tel. (0202) 671171



**A member of the
Link House
Group of Companies**

probably weren't trying to simply duplicate the way they played on gigs. The most astute of them, like Ellington and Jelly Roll Morton, thought of their records as *records*, conceived to be performed in a studio; others must have made at least some modifications of their day-to-day live work. Nothing's added to Morton's magnificent "Dr Jazz" by this process. I just played the 78, and it's much more exciting, hiss and all.

Nevertheless, these are records you should hear if you're at all interested in the early music. As anthologies, they're an extraordinary jumble: everything from real obscurities like Monk Hazel's "Sizzling The Blues" to Duke's "East St Louis Toodle-Oh". All three albums are handsomely annotated and presented, but if you're new to the music you may end up as much bewildered as intrigued by the selections.

Richard Cook

KEITH JARRETT STANDARDS LIVE (ECM 1317)

Recorded: Palais des Congrès, 2 July 1985.
Stella By Starlight, *The Wrong Blues*, *Falling In Love With Love*, *Tao Yang To Go Steady*, *The Way You Look Tonight*, *The Old Country*.
Jarrett (p), Gary Peacock (b), Jack DeJohnette (d).

DEVOTEES OF THE JARRETT LARYNX WILL be pleased to find that on this album, at last, the pianistic content has been toned down sufficiently to enable the assorted growlings, hummings, garglings, splutterings and cries to be appreciated without distraction. And quite extraordinary they are too. Seemingly in his death-throes at one point in "Stella", Jarrett recovers sufficiently to give a most powerful display of less drastic extra-musical vocalising during "Wrong Blues". If you're more interested in his piano-playing, on the other hand, don't waste your money on this one. My opening comments are scarcely an exaggeration, and it is one of the minor mysteries in the history of recorded sound that productions by a musician of Jarrett's calibre should be spoiled (or in this case, ruined) in this way. (Only the first part of the excellent "Old Country" escapes relatively unscathed.)

A mystery and a pity too. This album follows on from *Standards Volumes I and II* (ECM 1255 and 1289), the former of which our esteemed editor berated, claiming that, in the interpretation of standard material, Jarrett fails to approach masters such as Evans and Hawes. This is certainly true, and it is probably right to say that Jarrett is a better (and under-used) composer than pianist. But his choice of standards cannot be faulted, and he has interesting things to say on all of them. It is unfortunately true, nonetheless, that Jarrett and his fellow self-indulgent Chick Corea have inherited the Romantic tradition of Bill Evans and diluted and spent it — to see that tradition re-invigorated one must turn to the

likes of Michel Petrucci. A comparison of the controlled passion of the latter's remarkable recent *Late At The Village Vanguard* with the dissipated emoting of *Standards Live* will bring this point home.

Andy Hamilton

DON ELLIS HOW TIME PASSES (Candid CS9004)

How Time Passes (1, 2: *Saltie*; *A Simplex One*), *Imaginational Suite No. 1-2*.
Ellis (p, 1-1), Jaki Byard (p, 2-2), Ron Carter (b), Charlie Persip (d).

DRIVEN BY UNCOMMON MUSICAL curiosity, Ellis was always trying something new, and it still has not been grasped how much of a loss his early death was. Nor was it his fault that others did not follow-up on his initiatives: such timidity is common in jazz, despite the fact that none of the players here sounds in the least inhibited by the varying demands of the material used.

The main item is the "Suite", whose origins go back to explorations of improvising on 12-tone rows which Ellis had undertaken the previous summer in the (for that period) inevitable Greenwich Village coffee bar. The row is not adhered to so strictly as by David Mack, Pavel Blatny or the Don Heckman-John Benson Brooks group but is employed rather as a point of departure for what Gunther Schuller in the sleeve note calls "a kind of musical 'free association'." A proper account of this 22'07" piece is beyond the scope of a review, but the diversity of expression, of musical gesture, of instrumental texture that Ellis and the others draw from the row is still amazing even to one who has been listening to this record on and off for 25 years. Take for example the *pianissimo* section where the notes of the row are distributed singly among the instruments, followed by the chorale-like passage where Ellis restates the row, Carter plays it retrograde, and Byard unites the two with three-and-five-note chords also derived from the row.

The shorter pieces are scarcely less remarkable. "How Time" takes up certain of Stockhausen's early ideas about musical time and has a constantly shifting tempo. "Saltie" is more directly melodious, a modal ballad which has lovely melodic invention, as at a faster pace does "Simplex", another item dating back to the Greenwich Village days. Byard is less convincing on alto than on piano, where his broad range of resources, as displayed in his "Simplex" and "Waste" solos, well accords with this music's ambitions.

Ellis is not mentioned in *Jazz Heritage*, the collection of essays with which Martin Williams has lately favoured us. Perhaps his deeds are considered unmentionable, yet this is, to coin a phrase, an essential record.

Max Harrison

MARTIAL SOLAL MARTIAL SOLAL PLAYS ANDRÉ HODEIR (Carlyle CAR008)

Recorded: Paris, 30-31 March, 1 April 1984.
D Or No.
Jacques di Donato (tr), Solal (p), Frédéric Sylvestre (g), Philippe Macé (vib), Césaire Alvim (b), André Ceccarelli (d).

Le Desert Reconstruit, *Transplantation I*, *Concert on the Hudson*.

Tony Russo, Eric LeLann, Roger Guérin (r), Jacques Bolognesi, Christian Guzman (trb), Jean-Louis Chauramps (ss, as, bcl), Jean-Pierre Debussat (ss, ss), François Jeunisse (ss, ts, cl), Solal (p), Alvim (b), Ceccarelli (d).

Arte Della Commedia Dell', *Crepuscolo With Nelly*, *Catalyse*.

Bernard Marchais (r) replaces Russo.

HAVING COMMENTED IN SOME DETAIL ON two earlier Solal big band LPs as recently as last November, I shall here concentrate on the composer featured on the above issue, with some mention of the soloists. We have never got as comprehensive a focus on Hodeir in this country as we should long since have done. His book *The Worlds Of Jazz* (1972) was largely ignored and none of his records was ever issued here. The five original compositions on the above disc may therefore come as a surprise, but it might be most advantageous to begin with the Monk pages.

"Crepuscolo" is turned into a rich fabric indeed, with many unsuspected subsidiary voices being discovered in the simple original. Much less simple than it at first seems is "Coming On The Hudson", and Hodeir's manipulation of this theme and the ensemble textures he evolves are full of the unexpected. Like his much earlier "Osymetries I" and "II" (based on "Mysterioso"), this is a true recombination and I prefer it to Monk's own Riverside or CBS versions, though it presumably is sacrilegious to say so. There is good muted Guérin, too.

Next try the sextet in Hodeir's "D Or No". Solal was little in evidence in the Monk items but he makes up for it here. There is brilliant playing from everybody, though, and notably from di Donato and Macé. This is, in fact, an interesting score altogether, with its rapid shifts of emphasis and oblique gestures.

Finally the big band, starting with "Catalyse", the shortest track, which has fine Jeunisse and a solo by Alvim that, with refreshing unconventionality, is allowed to bring this piece to an end. Solal's playing on "Desert" is more typical than what he does on "D Or No." The former is pretty explosive but, like "Transplantation", essentially a reinterpretation of standard big band procedures. "Arte", the longest track, is a miniature concerto for di Donato, who gets close to stealing Solal's thunder as this LP's most striking soloist. This almost-ten-minute piece is excellently composed, though I doubt if it will ever be half so famous as the vehicles patched together for the various Bennys,



Ray's Jazz Shop

**LONDON'S LARGEST
JAZZ SHOP**

- New & Secondhand Records
- Cassettes, E.P.s, 78s, CDs
- Books, Magazines, Videos
- Rarities and Special Offers
- Unwanted Jazz Records bought

Open Mon-Sat. 10-6.30
180 Shaftesbury Ave., London WC2
Tel: 01-240 3969

JAZZ, ROCK & STUDIO MUSIC SUMMER SCHOOL

AT THE

Guildhall School of Music & Drama, London.

Sun. 27 July - Fri. 1 Aug. 1986.

Many exciting activities from dawn till midnight!

The 30 tutors will include:

JOHN TAYLOR, MICHAEL GARRICK, HENRY THOMAS,
 CHUCHO MERCHAN, PHIL LEE, BRIAN ABRAHAMS,
 DON RENDELL, CHRIS ALBERT, SCOTT STROMAN (dir),
 NORMA WINSTONE.

Plus weeklong

intensive courses in ARRANGING

RECORDING ENGINEERING.

Plus studio experience in Professional 16-track studio.

Accommodation Available.

For more details contact Cheryl King, 01 8005884.

2, Lordship Park, London. N16 5UD

ANDRE PREVIN
MUSIC FESTIVAL

Sponsored by
Bankers Trust Company

JAZZ ON THE SOUTH BANK

Royal Festival Hall, Queen Elizabeth Hall

RFH	RAY CHARLES IN CONCERT
17 June	Tickets (6.30): £4 £6 £8 £10 £12.50 £15
6.30 & 9	(9): £5 £7.50 £10 £12 £15 £20
QEH	MARIAN MONTGOMERY
18 June	WITH LAURIE HOLLOWAY QUARTET
7.45	Tickets £3 £4 £5 £6 £7
QEH	AN EVENING WITH JOE PASS
7.45	Tickets £3 £4 £5 £6 £7
RFH	Direct from USA - An evening of nostalgia
21 June	with THE GLENN MILLER ORCHESTRA
7.30	All the original arrangements from the '40s
	Tickets £4 £5.50 £7 £8.50 £10.50 £12.50
RFH	MJO - Modern Jazz Quartet
23 June	Tickets: £3.50 £5 £7 £9 £11.50 £14
7.30	
RFH	A rare London concert by
24 June	JOHN McLAUGHLIN AND THE
7.30	MAHAVISHNU ORCHESTRA
	Tickets: £3.50 £5 £7 £9 £11.50 £14
RFH	The incomparable PEARL BAILEY
28 June	in concert with the LOUIS BELLSON QUARTET
7.30	Tickets: £4 £5.50 £7 £8.50 £10.50 £12.50

Tickets available now from Royal Festival Hall Box Office
 01-928 3191 To reserve tickets 01-928 8800 Credit card
 bookings

DOBEL'S

JAZZ & FOLK RECORD SHOP

21 Tower Street, London WC2H 9NS
 Behind St. Martin's Theatre (The Mousetrap)

COMPACT DISCS

JAZZ VIDEOS - List On Request
SECONDHAND LPs - Bought & Sold

Imported records always in stock
PLUS Local Issues, Books & Special Offers

Mail Order a Speciality (Including Credit Cards -

Just 'Phone With Number & Address).

Telephone No. 01-240 1354

Open 10am-7pm (Mon-Sat).

Agent for David Bailey Jazz Tours. Nice & Montauban Brochure Now Available

SPRING STREET THEATRE

Spring Street, Hull. (0482)23638

Sunday 18 May 7.45pm

NICO

And Support

Tickets: £3.50 (£3 NUS, UB40, OAP)

Monday 2 June 7.45pm

BOBBY WELLS/JIM MULLEN QUINTET

Bobby Wells, tenor saxophone Jim Mullen, guitar

Peter Jacobsen, piano Ken Baldock, double bass

Spike Wells, drums.

Tickets: £2.75 (£2.25 NUS, UB40, OAP)

Monday 9 June 7.45pm

LEE KONITZ QUARTET

Lee Konitz, saxophone John Taylor, Piano Dave Green

double bass Trevor Tomkins, drums

Tickets: £4 (£3.50 NUS, UB40 OAP)

FIVE GREAT NEW JAZZ RELEASES

Recorded on Hi-Fi Stereo (Mono

playback greatly enhanced)

'One Night With Blue Note'



On February 23, 1965, almost thirty major jazz artists gathered to

celebrate their relationship with Blue Note Records. This historic evening

is preserved for the eye and the ear in this two volume video cassette

Volume 1 (59 mins) with Herbie Hancock, Bobby Hutcherson, Freddie

Hubbard, Joe Henderson, Ron Carter, Tony Williams, Shirley Jordan,

Art Blakey, Curtis Fuller, Walter Davis Jr., Reggie Workman and Cecil

Molloy. Performing - Blue Note Quintet: Carmichael, When You Wish Upon

A Star, Jump! Jack, Modern, Broadside and Little Es. Poem.

Volume II (55 mins) with Kenny Burrell, Grover Washington Jr., Reggie

Workman, Gray, Tate, McCoy Tyner, Jackie McLean, Woody Shaw

Jack DeJohnette, Charles Lloyd, Michel Petrucci, Jimmy Smith and Cecil Taylor.

Performing - Summer in the Sun, Love, Passion Dance, The Sleeping, The

Poem, Lady Eye, Blues Walk and Portia Cantados

VHS/Beta each volume £19.95 - p&p

'Japan Domino Theory' - Weather Report

A superb live concert recorded in Tokyo featuring the

following tracks: Dr. Waltz; Due; Where the Moon

Goes; Black Market; Elegant People, Swamp

Cabbage, Badia; A Remark You Made and Birdland.

Weather Report is Wayne Shorter, Joe Zawinul, Omar

Hakim, Victor Bailey and Mino Cinelu.

VHS/Beta 61 mins £19.95 - p&p



'Live At Ronnie Scott's Club'

NINA SIMONE - This tape captures one of the jazz

world's great performers in concert. There are 13

songs featured on this 57 minute video.

ART BLAKEY - This video features one of the finest

incarnations of the Messengers yet, driven on by the

unstoppable energy of Art Blakey. The following

tracks are featured on this video: On the Ginza, I Want

To Talk About You, Two of a Kind and Dr. Jekyll

VHS/Beta each video £19.95 - p&p

How to order: 24 hour ordering service for Access/

Barclaycard or send Cheque/Postal Order stating

format required. We guarantee our videos to be of

the Highest Quality.

THE VIDEO GALLERY, Dept. W.

P.O. Box 109, Douglas, Isle of Man, British Isles. Tel: 0624 72193.



Barneys and Arnes of jazz

Max Harrison

SONNY STITT
CONSTELLATION

(Muse MR 5323)

Recorded: New York, 27 June 1972.
Constellation (1 Don't Stand A Ghost Of A Chance With You, Webb City, By Accident, Ray's Idea, Cashah, It's Always True)
 Scott (as, ts), Barry Harris (p), Sam Jones (b), Roy Brooks (d)

SONNY STITT HAD THE COLOSSAL

misfortune to arrive on the jazz scene as an alto-player at the same time as Charlie Parker, and therefore had to survive in the shadow of someone who was comprehensively restructuring the whole world of jazz improvisation. If anything this misfortune was compounded by his having the ability to diversify into playing tenor, which put him further into shadow from leviticians like Lester Young on one side and Sonny Rollins on the other. Having therefore to struggle for recognition, on the rare occasions when he found himself correctly placed to demonstrate his abilities he could perform like someone who knows there's no time like the present and no guarantee of tomorrow. Consistently on this album his playing reveals the inventiveness, the power, and the self-control of a musician who's learned his trade in a harder school than most of us could ever imagine.

The support is good, excellent in fact, but what lifts the album completely out of the rut is the balance of bebop classics in the material, specifically Parker's "Constellation", Powell's "Webb City", Dameron's "Cashah" and Brown & Fuller's "Ray's Idea". These are matchless compositions in themselves, and put the improvisers in touch with hard and concentrated thought before tackling their own solos. Maybe they are not often used because not everyone can rise to such a challenge, but it happens here. It is worth hearing the album simply to listen to Stitt's fresh reading of these themes.

The album was chosen by *Down Beat* as one of its 'Records of the Year' in 1973. It is some index of its quality that it remains an essential record for 1986.

Jack Cooke

TADD DAMERON/LENNIE TRISTANO
CROSSCURRENTS

(Affinity AFF 149)

Recorded: New York City, 18 January 1949
Sid's Delight, Cashah-1
 Tuts Navarro (tr), Kai Winding (trb), Sahib Shihab (ts), Dexter Gordon (trb), Cecil Payne (trb), Dameron (p), Artie, Carley Russell (b), Kenny Clarke (d), Diego Borra (perc), Vidal Bolado (tga), Roco Poni (v-1)

Recorded: New York City, 1 March 1949
Wax, Crosscurrent
 Lee Konitz (as), Wayne Marsh (ts), Tristano (p), Billy Bauer (g), Arnold Fishkin (b), Harold Grawsky (d)

Recorded: New York City, 14 March 1949.

Yesterday
 Konitz, Marsh absent

Recorded: New York City, 21 April 1949
John's Delight, What's New?—2, Hammer Down An Open Wide—2, Focus
 Miles Davis (tr), J. J. Johnson (trb), Shihab (ts), Benjamin Landy (ts), Payne (ba), Dameron (p, arr), John Collins (g), Russell (b), Clarke (d), Kay Panton (v-2)

Recorded: New York City, 16 May 1949
Marmosets: Sax Of A Kind, Intuition, Digression
 Konitz (as), Marsh (ts), Tristano (p), Bauer (g), Fishkin (b), Deniz Best (d).



THE SPECIAL IMPACT OF TRISTANO'S BEST music depends on his having made some unusually decisive and independent choices. These were reflected in his career: when he found that the usual jazz audience did not much like his bracing and astentive work, that it was misunderstood, misrepresented, he largely quit public performance. Take it or leave it. And his music rarely protests overmuch. In the above classic recordings the tone of the saxophones is light, even thawing added attention on the melodic lines themselves, on the choice of intervals, on how continuity is achieved; and whatever the tempo the basic pulse is unemphatic, even, this throwing into relief the foreground's variety of accentuation. One result is a relaxed intensity, which is not disturbed even by the huttling tempos of "Crosscurrent" and "Sax Of A Kind".

Because the players here were all Tristano pupils, there is an uncommon unity of style, to a much greater extent than in most jazz one feels a solo to be continuing the argument of the solo it follows. Another aspect of this situation is that the glorious "Yesterdays" can be heard as the reverse image of, say, the furious double-time middle eighth of the "Wow" theme. Another again is the combination of spontaneous invention and finished performance, taken to its greatest height by Tristano himself. Though it is amusing to see it still carefully ignored in some quarters, the historical significance of the very beautiful "free" tracks, "Intuition" and "Digression", has long been obvious. In view of all that has happened in jazz since (let alone what had happened in concert music before), nobody should have any problem with these

terms, challenging though they still, of course, are.

Dameron's warm colours and full yet mobile textures make an effective contrast with Tristano's asceticism. The January tracks are precious because of the presence of Navarro, who was Dameron's best interpreter (in the sense that Blakey was Monk's), with an instinctive ability to improvise in and around the frameworks provided, enhancing them as he went. Winding, too, is excellent on "Delight".

The writing for both sessions is constantly inventive in an unobtrusively personal way. Dameron was that rarity in jazz, a natural conservative who was creative. This music's rhythmic language comes from bop, yet its other facets speak, and speak freshly, of an earlier time. It is entirely apt that Miss Pearl's wordless contribution should remind us of Ellington's use of vocalese. "Focus" is a memorable, fairly unusual theme, "Delight" the best vehicle Collins ever had – and what saxophone scoring! Two tracks are wasted on Miss Panton, this being the sort of thing that repeatedly spoils Dameron's chances. "Probably I'm boring you," she sings. Well, since you mention it . . .

Max Harrison

FRED HOUN AND THE
AFRO-ASIAN MUSIC
ENSEMBLE
TOMORROW IS NOW!

(Soul Note SN117)

Recorded: New York, 1985.
Tomorrow Is Now! Suite (Inc. What Is Was And Is, T.C.B., The Vietnam You've Got To Overlook, The Big Boogymen, A.F.A.P., A Big Woman Speaks), History, Crying For A Change, Pretty As A Morning Sunrise, Blam To The Freedom Fighters, Gunkaro, We'll Make Tomorrow
 Houn (bs), Sam Furnace (as), Al Greens (ts, ss), Richard Clements (p), Koyote Fujiwara (b), Tatu Alexander (d), Carlen Robinson (s), John Jang (p), Sayid Abdul Al-Khabyy (ts, b).

THE "DEEP, BLUE SOIL" OF SONIA Sanchez's poem sounds a little less generalized, a little more specific and located than Hoagy Carmichael's "deep, dark, blue centre", that abstract quality he could heat through all the many transmutations that were "jazz".

Tomorrow Is Now! is one of the most impressive jazz statements I've heard in a long while. That it is jazz of a high order is evident from the first bass onward; the writing – by Houn, with words by Sanchez – is deft and confident, the musicianship, by relative unknowns, is extraordinary.

That it's also a statement of a more direct sort is palpably obvious even from the titles. Fred Wei-han Houn – it's pronounced "Ho" apparently – is a young Chinese-American batonist and band-leader, not long out of university but already a stalwart, along with AAME, of the Asian-American Art Ensemble, the New Asian American Music Quartet, and the Charlie Persip Superband.

As those titles suggest, his is a committedly political music. In the recent past, he has



BACK ISSUES

WANT TO IMPRESS YOUR FRIENDS WITH YOUR knowledge of music?

Need information on record releases, authoritative interviews and plenty of irreverent talk? Then you should have your full quota of back issues of *Wire* magazine.

Many issues are sold out, and are rapidly becoming collector's items. Several more are available only in very limited numbers. You'd be wise to invest now.

But we also have a rare bargain to offer: a bundle of FIVE back issues (Nos 1, 12, 14, 18 & 19) for the special price of £5 POST FREE (£6 by overseas surface mail; £10 for airmail).

WIRE — it's always something else.

1. **Ran Blake**; Camden on Camera; Eric Dolphy, Steve Lacy, Harold Land, Leo Records; Wynton Marsalis, Art Pepper tribute; Max Roach, Scatting & Bopping, Seven Steps to Jazz — Trumpet; John Stevens Part 1, Women Live.

8. **Cadillac Records**; Coltrane's *A Love Supreme*, Count Basie tribute; Ted Curson; Miles Davis concert; Festivals — Moers and Le Mans; Barry Guy, Abdullah Ibrahim (Dollar Bands), Metalinguage; Michel Petrucci, Seven Steps — Bass.

9. **Art Ensemble of Chicago**, Benny Carter; Charly R&B; Andrew Cyrille, Masu Dabanga, Teo Macero, Meredith Monk; Paul Murphy; Oliver Nelson's *The Blues and the Abstract Truth*; Recording Improvised Music, Trevor Waters' *Mouré Music*, Where Were You in '62?

10. **Attention**, Armstrong's *West End Blues*, Amin Baraka, Black Minks, White Minks; Art Blakey, *Borbetomagus*, *Jazz At The Phil* re-issues, Hugh Masekela, Thelma Houston, Jerry Wester.

12. **Afro Jazz**, Laurie Anderson, Gone... But Not Forgotten — Vic Dickenson, Dennis Rose, Cullin Walton; Chris McGregor; Phil Minton-Roger Turner, *New Year's Honours List*, *New York Ear & Eye* — Gospel, Ma Rainey, Cecil Taylor, Max Roach's *We Insist! Freedom Now Suite*.

15. **Derek Bailey**, Martha & Fonella Bass, George Benson, Essential Coltrane; Charles Mingus — *Prhe-cathynus Erectus*, Pat Metheny; Jung Mullen.

16. **Anthony Braxton**; Cotton Club, Peter King, Onyekia; Essential Dolphy, Inca Festival, Zoot Sims, Gil Scott-Heron, Clifford Brown & Max Roach.

17. **Ray Charles**; John Gilmore; Herbie Nichols; Daniel Ponce, *Jazz in Paris*; Betty Boop, Paladin; Afro-Jazz.

18. **Sonny Rollins**; Bobby McFerrin, Jayne Correa, Stanley Jordan, Tommy Chase; Bettina Tavernier, Joe Farrell (great issue!).

19. **Ornette Coleman**, Charlie Haden, Steve Lacy, Boyd Rice, Slim Gaillard, *Movie Jazz*; Peter Ind; Urban Sax.

20. **Art Blakey**, Wynton & Beauford Marsalis; Bobby Watson; Hank Mobley; Ganelin Trio; Box Besidebecke; Impulse & Blue Note reissues.

21. **Chet Baker**, Cubs; Jamaladeen Tacuma; Michael Nyman; Duke Ellington, Pinks Zoo, Man Wilson.

22. **John Coltrane**; Ruben Blades, Nathan Davis; James Blood Ulmer, Depravity, Guest Stars.

23. **Bill Laswell**; Anita O'Day, Charlie Watts, Loose Tubes; Celis Cruz, Marthilde Sarring, Lester Bowie, Donald Banks; Arto Lindsay.

24. **Betty Carter**; John Abercrombie; Sidney Bechet; Jimmy Smith; Maggie Nicolo, Vienna Art Orchestra; Bill Evans, Zaire.

25. **Young Saxophones**; Courtney Pine, Tommy Smith, Ian Ballamy, Nigel Hitchcock; Paul Motian; Leslie Thompson; Luciano Berio, George Coleman; *Jazz Cartoons*, Chicago; New York; Duke Ellington.

26. **Lester Young**; Toure Kunda, Shankar, jazz DJs; Gerry Mulligan, Gospel, Scottish Jazz Composers, Sun Ra, Terry Riley.

27. **Miles Davis**, Mose Allison, Evan Parker; Kinone; John Scofield; George Russell; Third Stream; Camden Jazz; Absolute Beginners.

PLEASE NOTE. ISSUES 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 11 & 13 OUT OF PRINT

Please send £1.50 per copy (inc p & p) to: Back Issues, The Wire, Units G & H, 115 Cleveland Street, London W1P 3PN. (Overseas £2 per copy or £3 for air mail delivery)

S O U N D C H E C K

collaborated with the poet Amiri Baraka (who provides a characteristically intelligent and perceptive sleeve note). Since 1974 Baraka has been a proponent of Third World Marxism, what he's called "Marxism-Leninism-Mao Tse Tung thought". Houn clearly belongs to the same line of political country but, like Baraka, he is first and foremost an artist and only in pursuit of that an ideologue. This is not to downplay the political motivations of either man, merely to make it clear that *Tomorrow Is Now* is an achieved and satisfying musical work rather than a tract. It's stirring music and its message is persuasive, but there isn't a hint of soapbox within a mile of it.

The stress in Houn's unusual multi-racial band is on "ensemble". This is not one of those "revolutionary" records which are little more than a few iffy solos stitched together by back-stiffening chants and the borrowed kudos of a cause. The ensemble passages are impressively sharp and defined, notably so given the absence of brass and a weight of reeds that can sound mushy if not carefully marshalled. The solos are disciplined and to the point, as befits the collectivist tone. Special mention, though, has to go to Carleen Robinson's rich, deep voice (reminiscent of Satchmo Bea Benjamin's at some registers). Whether speaking or singing (as in "Pretty As A Morning Sunrise" and "We'll Make Tomorrow") it's perfectly moulded to the group sound, the ideal foil to Houn's baritone which, as Baraka rightly says, is Harry Carney reborn.

It was Ellington who wrote of the "Afro Asian Ellipse". Jazz has constantly looked out from America to the wider possibilities of other musics, African, Asian, and to the political promise of the Third World (a term which, we shouldn't forget, is as much an expression of hope as a description of political and cultural priority). The impressive touch about *Tomorrow Is Now* is the extent to which it insists on its attachments to jazz tradition.

Brian Morton

ART BLAKEY AND THE JAZZ MESSENGERS

BLUE NIGHT
(Timeless SJ 217)

Recorded Montreal, Holland, 17 March 1985.
Tan Of A Kind, Blue Nigger, Blue Night, Body And Soul, Mr. Combated.
Terence Blanchard (t), Donald Harrison (s), Jean Toussaint (b), Mulgrew Miller (p), Lonnie Plaxico (b), Art Blakey (d)

THIS IS BLAKEY'S SEVENTH ALBUM

For Timeless, and along with *Album Of The Year* ranks as his best work for the label. The 80s have been a golden period for Blakey, his work with Wynton Marsalis and currently Terence Blanchard is as good, and perhaps (with the benefit of hindsight) better, than at any time during the distinguished history of the band. Whilst the best representation of this current band still remains *New York Scene* (Concord CJ 256), *Blue Night* is nevertheless excellent Blakey. The group's emphasis on inch-perfect intonation and dynamics and the

ability of the band members to contribute resourceful original compositions, make this one of the most immaculate ensembles Blakey has led.

As I commented when discussing *New York Scene*, Plaxico plays a crucial pivotal role on bass, going beyond the traditional role of rock-solid timekeeper usually associated with Blakey's bassists. His rhythmic flexibility has allowed Blakey to become a more fluid player, less inclined to rely on the backbeat as an inspirational tool. It has meant the sound of the band is rhythmically more contemporary, allowing the soloists more breathing space, particularly Donald Harrison whose angular style might easily become boxed in by a rigid rhythmic approach.

In fact, the whole front line are exciting soloists, which is easy to overlook in the face of Blanchard's burgeoning trumpet. On "Two Of A Kind" and "Mr. Combated" he quickly sets about raising the temperature of the proceedings, so much so that it is his solo contribution that remains indelibly printed in the mind. Toussaint, Harrison and Miller are all very much their own men, however, and Toussaint has plenty of opportunity to weave his crafty phrases around his own "Blue Minor". The only non-original, "Body And Soul", gets a contemporary facelift from Donald Harrison, who seems to improve with every succeeding album, his angular style becoming a progressively stronger voice. A word also about Blakey; he is taut, alive and plugged in to the shifting directions of the soloists right down to the faultless ordering of dynamics—long may he continue.

Stuart Nicholson

ILLINOIS JACQUET ILLINOIS FLIES AGAIN (Argo ARCD 503)

Recorded [a] West Peabody, Mass., March 1966
[b] New York, 7-8 May, 1965
Up On A Clear Day: Illinois Jacquet First Again.
Robert "Ned" Watermelon Man: I Want A Little Girl, Pamela's Blues, [a] The Message: Basses Blues, On Broadway, Little Young, Turnpike, Beetsa
Jacquet (ts); [a] Milt Buckner (org), Alan Dawson (d), [b] Ralph Smith (org), Kenny Burrell, Wally Richardson (g), Ben Tucker (b), Ray Lucas (d), Willie Rodriguez (perc).

TWO INSTRUCTIVELY DIFFERENT

albums, this Argo double set, the first a live recording from a Massachusetts roadhouse, the second an earlier studio set. The opening sides find Jacquet in his natural environment, blowing up a storm in front of a (noisy) audience. Jacquet's real strength lies, as anyone in front of a (noisy) audience. Jacquet's real strength lies, as anyone who has heard him on stage will know, in overcoming any reservations or inhibitions by the sheer conviction of his playing; even now, in his mid-70s, he has retained his retained his awesomely full tone and galvanic attack.

On these cuts he switches effortlessly from a rounded, hard-driving swing delivery, as on the exuberant "Illinois Jacquet Flies Again," to the honking Texas blues and soul style of the likes of King Curtis on Herbie Hancock's stomping but throwaway "Watermelon Man" (where he also treats us to a rasping vocal performance). It is a style that thrives on immediacy and intensity rather than merely tempo and volume, translating smoothly to the easier swing of "Robbins' Nest" and the unpromising "On A Clear Day." His example coaxes similarly effective performances from his sidemen; Buckner in particular is given plenty of chances to shine.

"Jan" is a little reminiscent of "On Broadway," a track which turns up, with flagrantly Latin dressing, on the second session. It is a much less satisfactory affair, although Kenny Burrell is his customary resourceful self, and Jacquet tailors his playing to suit the more restrained requirements of the music. Ralph Smith is cloying where Buckner was urgent, and with an outing on bassoon and an overdose of the then fashionable Afro-Latin rhythms in the wake of the Gillespie-Getz popularisations, the whole is too low-key to play to the leader's strengths.

It is only on the splendid "Turnpike" that the session comes close to emulating the live set, as if the thought of that distant roadhouse has sparked him into producing something of his real power, his distinctive style. For anyone out there wondering what this Jacquet character is all about, the first two sides of this record are as good a starting place as any—strong stuff from a hard-driving tenorman.

Kenny Mathieson

SHELLY MANNE THE WEST COAST SOUND (OJC 152)

Recorded Los Angeles, 6 April 1953
La Macara-4, Mullin-4, You And The Blight And The Moon-5, Gazelle-5
Bob Enevoldsen (vib, arr-1), Art Pepper (as), Bob Cooper (ts), Jimmy Guiffre (b, arr-2), Marty Paich (p, arr-3), Curtin Cooper (b), Manne (d), Sherry Rogers (arr-4), Bill Russo (arr-5)

Recorded Los Angeles, 20 July 1953.
Savoy-5, Afrodisia-4, You're My Thrill-3; Pages-2
Bud Shank (as), Joe Mondragon (b) replace Pepper, Cooper

Recorded Los Angeles, 13 September 1955
Grasshopper-6; Savoy-6; Night-3; Spring Is Here-6, You're Getting To Be A Habit With Me-1.
Joe Manne (as), Bill Holman (ts, arr-6), Russ Freeman (p), Ralph Pena (b) replace Shank, Cooper, Paich, Mondragon

AS THE 10-INCH VOGUE LDE072 THIS was in 1954 one of the first West Coast LPs to be issued in Britain. As in many such cases, the 1955 titles were added when it reappeared as a 12-inch disc and these were specifically recorded for this purpose when the American

record industry, well ahead of that of the UK, converted to the universal use of 12-inch format. "Mallers" is a boring drum feature, but, Paich's merely workmanlike treatment of "You're My Thrill" notwithstanding, it is the only dud on what remains an outstanding LP. Pepper and Enveloldsen have a go on "Mallers" but are able to do far better on "La Macura", where the "Spanish Tinge" surfaces (as it does in most phases of pre-avant-garde jazz). The other Rogers score, "Afrodesia", uncommonly lyrical for him, makes an excellent vehicle for Shank, who is also most effective in "You're My Thrill".

As an arranger and composer Russo is associated mainly with Kenton, yet he did many other things, such as his contributions to these sessions. "Gazelle", for example, is a constantly shifting mosaic of ensembles and solos, the one as inventive as the other. There are freshly original textures in "You And The Night" and "Sweets" also; Giuffrè solos well on the latter and Enveloldsen stands out on every track — except "You're Getting To Be A Habit", which he arranged! Manne's drumming is exactly, and forcefully, appropriate at all points. "Grasshopper" is an invigorating theme of his, tellingly arranged by Holman, it benefits, as does the whole 1955 date, from Freeman's superior keyboard work.

Following, I suppose, the precedent of Dave van Kriedt's "Prelude And Fugue On Bop

Themes" recorded by Supersave Brubeck's Octet in 1950 (Original Jazz Classics OJC101), Giuffrè's "Fugue" is the most absorbing piece here. *Pace* Neuhoff Ertegun's sleeve-notes, it is not "experimental" but fully achieved, and is the track to which I have over the years most often returned.

A voice off: "It would be."

Max Harrison

STANLEY TURRENTINE STRAIGHT AHEAD (Blue Note BT85105)

Recorded, New York, 24 November/7 December 1964.
Album, A Child Is Born; Otherside Of Time: Straight Ahead; The Longer You Wait, Ab. Ra.
Turrentine (ts); George Benson (g); Jimmy Smith (org); Ron Carter (b); Jimmy Madison (db); on *Otherside Of Time* and *The Longer You Wait* Les McCann (p, org); Jimmy Ponder (g); Peter Brown (b); Gerick King (db).

BEING THE CONSCIENTIOUS TYPE, I've now sat down half a dozen times, determined to give this album a proper hearing; on each occasion, I've lasted about one track before my mind starts to drift off elsewhere. . . . Turrentine has never been the most arresting of tenor players, content too often to settle for a kind of lowest common denominator populism, split between two

basic styles: a breathy ballad mode that illustrates why "warm" cleaves so irritatingly close to "tenor", and a more abrupt, honking line that draws on soul and funk antecedents, exemplified here on the title track.

He is abetted in this rather middle of the road venture by another jazzman equally inclined to drift off into funky limbo, George Benson. Neither he nor organist Jimmy Smith adds any depth or real invention to the music; instead, both float pretty but innocuous patterns over Ron Carter's bass lines, a light, swinging confection that veers dangerously close to muzak at times. The most interesting cut actually dispenses with this illustrious company; Les McCann throws down a challenge to his leader on "Otherside Of Time" which Turrentine doesn't quite rise to — but it does push him harder than anything else here.

Blue Note have earned unstinting praise for the flood of re-issues since the label was re-activated, but their new projects have largely, with honourable exceptions, failed to excite. I have no objection whatsoever to affording former artists the chance to record, even if I don't like the results, but the original Blue Note reputation wasn't gained simply from doing the predictable thing. The new label will have to do better than this, it's not only undistinguished jazz, it's undistinguished Blue Note. *Straight Ahead?* More like running in place. Kenny Mathieson

NOW IN ITS 26th YEAR OF SERVICE
TO THE JAZZ COMMUNITY

CODA MAGAZINE

Recent issues of CODA have featured Garry Mulligan * Horace Silver * Leo Smith * Pepper Adams * Lol Coxhill * Buell Neidlinger * Charlie Rouse * Sam Rivers * and Cannonball Adderley * PLUS record and book reviews, world news and even a blues column.

Send a pound note for a **SAMPLE COPY** to:

CODA PUBLICATIONS, Box 87 Station J, Toronto, Ontario, M4J 4X8 Canada or subscribe for 10 pounds (6 issues) from Rae Wittrick, 33 Winton Lodge, Imperial Avenue, Westcliffe-on-Sea, Essex.

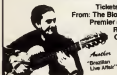
Outstanding Brazilian Guitarist.

EGBERTO GISMONTI.

with Nendo Carneiro (guitar & synthesizer)
Nene (drums & percussion)

MONDAY JUNE 16th THE LOGAN HALL.
20 Bedford Way London W.C.2. 8pm.

Tickets: £5 (advance), £5 (on the door)
From: The Bloomsbury Theatre Box Office (367.9629)
Premier (240.0771), Keith Prowse (741.8989)
Rhythm records. (camden town).
Circle in The Square (kentish town)
Mole Jazz (kings cross)
or by post from:
Semin Promotions, 72, Fern Lane,
London S.W.6 (jenc a.s.a.)



When you see THE QUARTET BOOKSHOP

Go for it!

Namara House, 45/46 Poland Street
London W1V 4AU Tel: 01-437 1019



£6.00

=WRPM=

021-449 7041

all on
record & cassette.

price inc. p & p

Alive!
Call it Jazz
City Life

£7.00

Guest Stars
Out at Night

£5.00

MAIL ORDER
CATALOGUE

FROM W.R.P.M.
62, WOODSTOCK ROAD,
BIRMINGHAM B11 9BN

KENNY BURRELL

LIVE AT THE VILLAGE VANGUARD

(Argo ARC 500)

Recorded: New York, September 1959

All Night Long, Will You Still Be Mine, I've A Feel For You, You're Broadway, Soft Winds, Just A Sinner And A Rocker, Will You Nod to Burrell (g), Richard Davis (b), Roy Haynes (d)

I ALWAYS THINK OF THE GUITAR AS A sort of cul-de-sac of jazz. Its development, though hardly separate, can be viewed quite independently and in a much more self-contained way than, say, the trumpet. It's perfectly possible to listen to a lot of, and know a lot about, jazz without coming into much contact with the guitar's particular nectaries (Christian apart perhaps). And possibly vice-versa: witness Stan Britt's *Jazz Guitarists*, with its interesting analyses of leading styles and ludicrous all-time top 20 of the best players. I'm not aware of anything similar on the sax or piano. Burrell (No. 8) was one of those who passed Christian's (No. 3) baton on to Benson (No. 1). There were others, some more influential, but like Jim Hall Burrell was unquestionably there carving out a distinctive niche. Both of them archetypal guitarists' guitarists. Both of them sought-after accompanists.

So a re-release which showcases Burrell live is bound to be welcomed. He's on good form here though not well served by the muddy

recording quality which fuzzes most of his chord solos and obscures Davis' bass almost entirely. His inventive stamina is particularly prominent, chorus after chorus of coherent well-boned lines which never repeat or lapse into clichéd fills. You could mistake him considered, contained feel for a lack of passion but you'd be being hasty. The blues are omnipresent but suggested, never forced – a bent note here, a smear there. The music of still waters.

If it's hard to tell what Davis is up to Roy Haynes at least is nothing less than superb. He always has something going on outside the beat. His touch on cymbals and toms is eloquent and musical. He and Burrell play some imaginative, elliptic exchanges. One moment, during the intro of "Well You Needn't", when Haynes echoes the final cadence of the theme Burrell has just played, is quite stalling. One of those moments whose impact can never be properly re-savoured, leaving you envious of those yet to come across it. I envy you all.

Steve Lewis

DAVE FRISHBERG

LIVE AT VINE STREET

(Fantasy F9638)

Recorded: Hollywood, October 1984

You Would Rather Have The Blues, Zanzibar, One

Horse Town, El Cajon, The Dear Departed Past, Jobbery, Hodge, Madley, The Sports Page, Long Daddy Grove, Elbow, Blitzard of Lies
Frishberg (p, v)

I SUSPECT DAVE FRISHBERG IS hardly known over here; and he won't ever be much of a name, because his wryness and gleaming loser's eye is quirescentially American. His songs don't travel the way the tradition of Porter and Hart does; they're more like a less cruel, less kitsch Tom Lehrer. Novelty ideas grafted on to a gentle, well-wrought sense of melody – and this is what sets Frishberg aside. He's an excellent piano player, full of musical asides as witty as his lyrics, and the eight-minute Hodges melody is a delight by itself.

This cabaret set is a fine sampler of Frishberg's work. He can hardly sing at all – he isn't as good as Randy Newman, for instance – but the withered boyishness of his voice suits the ageing freshman humour of his words. "Blizzard of Lies" and "One Horse Town" are hilarious in a small way, "The Sports Page" will strike recognition if you substitute cricker for all the baseball references. Frishberg loves the trivia of modern American history, and "The Dear Departed Past" is a whole song about it. But anyone can raise their glass to "You Would Rather Have The Blues" – "happiness could never make you happy".

Richard Cook

F A S T L I C K S

THE ORDINAIRES: The Ordinaires

(Dossier ST7509). Alto, tenor, two violins, cello, two guitars, bass and drums – together they play an energetic mash of things that sound like 70s are-rock with jazzed edges, though the string section adds a viperish lyricism to the brew. Ten short pieces don't outstay their welcome. More fun from New York, although their label is German (Prinzessale 47 B, D-1000 Berlin 65).

Richard Cook

THE TENOR SAX ALBUM
COLEMAN HAWKINS, BEN WEBSTER,
ILLINOIS JACQUET, IKE QUEBEC,
JOHN HARDEE
THE JACK RABBIT



COLEMAN HAWKINS. *Seasch. (Prestige! Savoyville 0902117)*. Schmalzty but quite nice. On this 'nostalgia' item from 1964 Hawkins and assorted other (mainly modernist) souls known as the Prestige Blues-Swingers re-create some swing era sounds (in

fact a bit of Ellington here, a bit of 50's Basie there) – arrangements by Jerry Valermine. The Hawk was of course past his best by this time but if the odd squeak indicates a technical decline his sense of form was still intact. He is the man soloist and almost the only notable one, though "Trust In Me", a ravishing track on which Hawkins rhapsodizes eloquently, also features a lovely schmaltzy intro and solo by Jerome Richardson on flute. Pleasant enough background music but I'm not sure I really see the point of it.

Andy Hamilton

Richard Cook

BILLIE HOLIDAY: Rare Recordings From The Golden Years Volume Three (Quee

067). This is the Billie I like best – the winsome band singer, not the mistress of pain she later became. There are plenty of forgotten songs here, and some of them are unassuming enough to be worth remembering, like "What Is The Gong To Get Us?" Some superb small band accompaniments led by Benny Carter or Teddy Wilson, and the period is 1939-42. Billie collectors should note that this set was previously issued as Two Flats FSD 5007

Richard Cook

SIMON H. FELL: *Compilation 1 (Brow's Fingers BF 1)*. This is the first self-produced album by Simon Fell, and is witty, infuriatingly episodic and well crafted. Hats off to him for taking the initiative to record his modern experimental music, as the area in which he's chosen to perform will hardly have record company executives beating a path to his door. A curious thing about Free Jazz is that if this album had been made at the Power Plant, NYC, with a few names from the loft scene it would quite possibly generate much interest. The fact it comes from Cambridge under the auspices of Mr. Simon H. Fell of 48 Normanhurst, Cherry Hinton Road should not deter anyone with an interest in the genre from contacting him for a copy of the album.

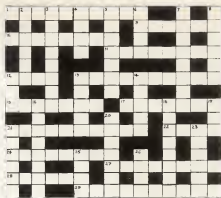
Stuart Nicholson

ACROSS

- 1 Departed for midday repast? Crazy, Eric? (1,2,5)
 9 Old system Nicholas used as a front (6)
 10 'Our Love Is Here To Stay' repared to be Gershwin's (1,4)
 11 He/She generally appreciates the best of all Jazz (8)
 12 and 25 Down
 Bowdies must watch this... so must Jazz Critics, who sometimes have the tendency to do it (4-4)
 13 Try hip pose! You'll certainly end up Monkish! (10)
 15 and 22 Across*
 Think the answer's a lemon mule? Some Hope, Miff! (1,2,4)
 17 Colourful Kenton Rhythm (7)
 21 Diverse cricketing Godfrey for small sasser (5,5)
 22 See 15 Across
 24 French pianist in at the start of some odd narrative (1-2-3)
 27 Yain' Sags' Stories about what Joe Harriott might have asked John Mayer regarding his repertoire? (3,3)
 28 Kirk conversed with several, it is recorded... only one here (6)
 29 Pro! Gene, Ry! Could be solution to all-round excavation at end of gig! (6-4)

DOWN

- 2 If Barry's not exactly round then he's almost un-oval, (6)
 3 French head starts off Catalanian's threesome, (4,4)
 4 Oil over Nigel, initially... backwards, at that! Leads to piano-seventh. (4)
 5 Fel's home! (7)
 6 University Residence for Ed. (4)
 7 Denzil's pimple! Also trumpeter John's showcase. (4,4)



JAZZ WORD

COMPILED BY

TIM COLWELL

ANSWERS NEXT MONTH

- 8 Dexter's Wicket! (6)
 12 Countrymen's appropriate response to 3's performance! (3)
 13 Caceres! (5)
 14 Even prats can be good drums! (5)
 16 and 26* Go die, glum fly! He thanks Jazz finished around 1925! (8,4)
 18 Ellington, Basie, Heath... all had one (4,4)
 19 Keyboard Brian a Scottish flower? (3)
 20 Romantic musical composition Bird and Bean did for Granz. (7)
 21 South African Celebration? As free from danger as possible. (6)
 23 Definite Spanish article around top of Spanish cat makes for Anderson feature

- also smooth Italian? (6)
 25 see 12 Across.
 26 see 16 Down.

LAST MONTH'S ANSWERS

ACROSS 1 Rabbit (Jonny Hodges), 4 Paul Bley, 8 Ruffin' Hard, 10 Suga, 11 Abe Moss, 12 Reeves, 13 Sofa, 15 Ethna, 19 Yeh Yeh, 20 see 26 down; 22 see 5 down, 25 (Moon) Mullens, 27 Jera, 28 Tambourine, 29 Accrabad, 30 (Jimmy) Yancy
 DOWN 2 Buller Ave, 3 Tongo, 4 Play The Theme, Med (Flory), 5 Under The Double Eagle, 6 Basie, 7 see 5 down, 16 Into Ear, 17 Sy (Oliver) Met Tab (Smith), 18 F M, 21 Gloomy (Sunday), 23 (Jimmy) Owens, 24 (Billy) Bauer, 26 Sense Of Time



Subscribe To Wire

AND ADD TO YOUR JAZZ LIBRARY WITH THIS OFFER

AS A SPECIAL BONUS TO NEW SUBSCRIBERS TO WIRE, WE ARE OFFERING SELECTED TITLES FROM Quarter's list of jazz books at *half the normal catalogue price*.

If you take out a twelve-month subscription to *Wire* now, you are entitled to choose a book from the list below at the price shown which is 50% off the normal retail figure.

UK subscribers should remit £16 for one year's subscription, together with the appropriate readings for the tone of their choice - plus £1 to cover post and packing charges. Post your most to Units G & H, 115 Cleveland Street, London W1P 5PN.

We regret that this offer is not available to overseas subscribers.

MINGUS (Brian Priestley)
 DIZZY: TO BE OR NOT TO BOP (Dizzy Gillespie & Al Fraser)
 HISTORY OF JAZZ IN BRITAIN 1919-1950 (Jim Godbolt)
 HOT AIR, COOL MUSIC (Bruce Turner)
 JAZZ VOICES (Kitty Grime)
 MILES DAVIS (Ian Carr)
 NOTES AND TONES (Art Taylor)
 ROOTS OF THE BLUES (Samuel Charters)
 B.B. KING (Charles Sawyer)

Retail price	Wire price
£13.95	£6.79
£8.95	£4.47
£14.95	£7.47
£9.95	£4.97
£11.50	£5.75
£13.50	£6.75
£11.95	£5.97
£3.95	£1.97
£4.95	£2.47

THE WRITE PLACE

Mail your wail to warts G & H, 115 Cleveland Street, London W1P 5PN.

MANY THANKS FOR THE GREAT RESPONSE to our questionnaire in Issue 25. Perhaps the main incentive to reply was the photocard series you were offered! These are winging their way to you all right now. One sad observation from the results was that mere 1% of you are women. On a healthy note, a massive 95% don't smoke but counteract that by the fact that some of you are alcoholics!

Here's a selection of your comments and once again the team thanks you for your help.

Wire strikes a fine balance between the ridiculous and the sublime, which is OK by me! *Tony Herrington, Lytham-Skewes*

Generally very impressive. You may like to know that The Moscow Cinematography Institute has asked for a regular copy... spreading the word! *John De Pary, Bristol*

Never forget the good old ones. *Ronald Horton, Derby*...

This is the best magazine that's ever been brought into my house. Creep Creep! *Colin Falla, Channel Islands*

I got a good response to my classified Ad in Dec. '85. *RW Smith, Slough*

STOP all those awful 'Ed' interjections (*No-Ed*) *Geoff Anns, Yorks*

Why isn't there a 'Do you wear Y-fronts' question? Hard boppers wear boxer shorts. *Robert Hollingsworth, Marlow*

Many articles good for a pseudos corner and far too verbose. You started well and ran some great articles. What's the future? *Chris Sly, Wincoblen*

I believe *Wire* writings has afraid gone down a bit since firstly come out quarterly. I likes it when you dos African pop musics features and reviews - especially like about Zaire, but a bit funny article. Now please do a speciality feature on Quatre Etoiles. They is brilliant! Real wierd and snazzy. By heck, I is warmed of it! Any road. That's all for now. *Siper Jungle Kow, Bristol*

Moo. *Adrian Phillips, Bognor Regis*

Jazz is the most cool amazing mind-blowing music there is. I luv it. *Graham Cochrane, Scotland*

I look forward to an article on The Fall by RD Cook. More articles on R'n'B and a beginners guide to Miles Davis, Mingus et al. *R.M. Jones, Twickenham*

Thanks for giving me this opportunity to express my honest sincere feelings. Cheers! *Keith Hallat, Suffolk*

Please can someone buy Max Harrison a Rob McConnell & Boss Brass LP? And *Wire* is great. *Russell Gunning, Gateshead*

I look to *Wire* to give me a broad understanding of the musics. Don't be afraid to be 'intellectual' - only the English could make it appear a failing! *Robert Walker, Walsall*

I've never met anybody who would admit to liking improvised music and I fail to see why it takes so much space in an otherwise excellent magazine. *Roy Wyre, Dover*

Can you help the British trumpeter? We need to encourage Wheeler and Barker and all other trumpeters who are prepared to go for it! Where are they? *J. Phelps, Surrey*

In Poland *Wire* is impossible to buy. I have friends to send to me. Still is best jazz magazine in Europe. *Bruno Bauer, Poland*

Some features are a little pretentious. *Mark Say, London*

It just gets better all the time. Good emphasis on photos, and great layout. *Ian Baker, London*

This is one of the most enthusiastic and UNcynical mags I have ever read. *RN Whitehead, South Wirral*

PLAYLIST

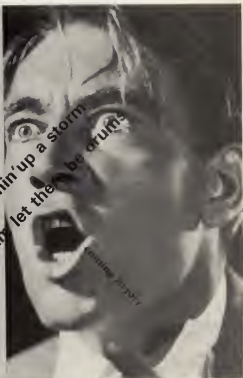
TOM WATTS Small Change (*Airlaw*)
VARIOUS Love Train - Best of Philadelphia International (*PI*)
SONNY ROLLINS Newk's Tune (*Blue Note*)
JOHNNY HODGES The Smooth One (*Verve*)
GILBERTO GIL Realce (*Warner*)
JACKIE McLEAN Bluesnik (*Blue Note*)
CHAPTER 8 This Love's For Real (*Beverly Glen*)
PAUL ROBESON The Best Of (*EMI*)
CARMELL JONES The Remarkable (*Affinity*)
SONNY STITT & BUD POWELL All God's Children (*Prestige*)
Jim Scollard, Norwich

ART BLAKE Live At Sweet Basil (*Paddenbed*)
JAN GARBAREK It's OK To Listen To The Gray Voice (*ECM*)
MILES DAVIS We Want Miles (*CBS*)
PANAMA FRANCIS & THE SAVOY SULTANS Everything Swings (*Swab*)
PETER GABRIEL Peter Gabriel IV (*Charisma*)
WYNTON MARSALIS Black Codes (From The Underground) (*CBS*)
AL DI MEOLA Soaring Through A Dream (*Manhattan*)
VSO Live Under The Sky (*CBS*)
STEVE LACY Prospects (*bat Art*)
M Moodie, Orkney Isles

ALTERATIONS My Favourite Animals (*Nato*)
AMM Generative Themes (*Matchless*)
LAURIE ANDERSON Mr Heartbreak (*Warner*)
HAN BENNING Tempo Comodo (*Data*)
BURWELL/BEAN/WILSON Bow Gmelan Ensemble (*Pulp cassette*)
PAUL LOVENS/MARTIN THEURER Der Traume, Der Roten Palme (*FMP*)
MAN JUMPING Jump Cut (*Cosmos*)
STEVE REICH The Desert Music (*Nonetach*)
EDDIE PREVOST QUARTET Continuum (*Matchless*)
Nick Smith, Chelmsford



Max roach quite a beat
 Han bennink drummin' up a storm
 Billy cobham let them be drums



WIRE: WHERE SANDY NELSON LIVES

NEW ORLEANS PRINTS, posters etc. required of old New Orleans, early jazz, Mardi Gras, Deep South etc. Patrick 01-352 7227.

SUICIDE SAM(Be Bop Poet) seeks horns, percussion, piano for concert work and recording NOW. 01-233 3497.

THE DEN specialist Compact Disc and Records. Large selection from worldwide sources including Jazz and Blues. Bookable listening facilities. Mail order service. Basement, 38 Cavendish Street, Keighly, Yorkshire. 0535 606086.

CUBAN RECORDS: SAE for catalogue to The Britain Cuba Resource Centre, 29 Islington Park St, London N1.

JAZZ NOW!! Six original and colourful designs on top quality T-shirts and sweatshirts - Miles, Coltrane, Blakey, Rich, "Be-Bop/Hard Bop" and Jazz Now! - For details send to: **BOISTER T'S**, FREEPOST (UK only) LONDON SE20 7BR or TEL 01-659 2734.



CLASSIFIEDS

RECORDS WANTED: Hemphill, *Blue Boy* (Mbari); Carroll, *Orange Fish Tears* (Palm); Gil Evans, *Parabola* (Horo); Brotzman, *Nipples* (Calig); *Free Jazz Und Kinder* (FMP); Brecker, *ICP Double* (ICP 00778); Lacy, *Straws* (Cramps); Lapis (Saravah); *Solo Ar Mandas* (ALM); *Scraps* (Saravah); *Flakes* (Vista); Various Avant Garde, Scout Records SCS 212-4, JG Records JG 027/8. Decent prices offered. Alfredo, c/o Wire address

BRIGHTONS' FIRST Jazz, Blues, Classical, Soundtrack, 78's and nostalgia etc.

RECORD FAIR Norfolk Resort Hotel, Kings Road, Brighton, (on the sea front).

SUNDAY JULY 6TH 10.30 to 4.30. Admission: 10.30 - 1.00 pm; £1.00, 1.30 - 4.30 - 50p. Stall enquiry's. Waxfactor 0273 673 744 or 34133 (evenings)

WAXFACTOR OF- 24 TRAFALGAR ST. BRIGHTON Requires records, cassettes, C.D. in Jazz, Blues, Classical, Opera, personality stage shows etc Buyer can collect Please telephone 0273 673 744 or 34133 (Evenings)

TROMBONIST AND PERCUSSIONIST High-standards, required by Art Ensemble of Peckham, free improvisation, be-bop, various folk music. David Fowler, 01 515 6204.

INDEX TO THE WIRE, 1982-85 Includes all feature articles and major reviews in issues 1-22 £1.00 from J.A. Sheard, 56 York Avenue, Wolverhampton, WV3 9BU

THE NEW GENERATION

JMT
Jazz Music Trust



JANE IRA BLOOM & FRED HERSCH
AS ONE
JMT 850003



STEVE COLEMAN GROUP
MOTHERLAND PULSE
JMT 850001



CASSANDRA WILSON
POINT OF VIEW
JMT 860004



HERB ROBERTSON QUINTET
TRANSPARENCY
JMT 850002



STEVE COLEMAN AND FIVE ELEMENTS
ON THE EDGE OF TOMORROW
JMT 860005



GERI ALLEN
HOME GROWN
MM 004



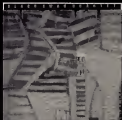
BILL FRISSELL - VERNON REID
SMASH & SCATTERATION
MM 005



THIRD KIND OF BLUE
MM 006



TIM BERNÉ - BILL FRISSELL
THEORETICALLY
MM 008



BLACK SWAN QUARTET
MM 009

Now exclusively distributed throughout the UK by:

IMPETUS DISTRIBUTION

587 Wandsworth Road, London SW8 3JD Tel: 01-720 4460

AN EVENING WITH WINDHAM HILL RECORDING ARTISTS

THE MONTREUX GROUP

FEATURING

DAROL ANGER, MIKE MARSHALL,
BARBARA HIGBIE & MICHAEL MANRING

JUNE

- | | |
|------|---|
| 4th | SADLERS WELLS, LONDON (BOX OFFICE: 01-278 8916) |
| 6th | St David's Hall, CARDIFF |
| 7th | Theatre Royal, PLYMOUTH |
| 10th | Arts Centre, YORK |
| 11th | Bond on the Wall, MANCHESTER |
| 16th | Town Hall, CHELTENHAM |
| 17th | Dovecot Arts Centre, STOCKTON-ON-TEES |

Tickets from box offices & usual agents

DAROL ANGER/
BARBARA HIGBIE
"Tideline"
WHA 1021
WHC 1021



DAROL ANGER/
BARBARA HIGBIE QUINTET
"Live at Montreux"
WHA 1036
WHC 1036
CDW 1036



MIKE MARSHALL/
DAROL ANGER
"Chiaroscuro"
WHA 1043
WHC 1043
CDW 1043



Available in the UK from May 23rd